THE

RURAL CEMETERIES

OF

AMERICA.

MOUNT AUBURN.

ROAD FROM WATERTOWN
GARDEN
POND
ELM AVENUE
GARDEN POND
CHAPEL
CHAPEL AVENUE
GARDEN AVENUE
GARDEN POND
MEADOW POND
POND
POND
VINE HILL
CEDAR HILL
TEMPLE HILL
JUPITER HILL
MOUNT AUBURN
ROSS ROAD

MOUNT AUBURN

ILLUSTRATED.

IN

Highly Finished Line Engraving,

FROM DRAWINGS TAKEN ON THE SPOT,

BY JAMES SMILLIE.

WITH

DESCRIPTIVE NOTICES

BY CORNELIA W. WALTER.

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By ROBERT MARTIN,
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MOUNT AUBURN.

"Here I have 'scaped the city's stifling heat,
Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air;
And, where the season's milder fervors beat,
And gales that sweep the forest borders, bear
The song of birds and sound of running stream,
Am come awhile to wander and to dream."

[BRYANT.

"And northern pilgrims, with slow, lingering feet,
Stray round each vestige of thy loved retreat,
And spend in homage half one sunny day,
Before they pass upon their wandering way."

THE beautiful forest-tract which has been chosen, by so many of the citizens of Boston and its environs, as a fitting spot to be the last resting-place of the living when dust shall be returned to its original dust, has emphatically a history of its own—a history not more of data, possession, and original ownership, than of thoughts and contemplations. An unwritten history, it is true, it must ever be; but if those thickly wooded vales, yet fresh with the growth of centuries, could be endowed with language, many an ethical and pathetic story could they tell. Volumes of varied material might they give, woven of the heart-thoughts of countless wayfaring pilgrims, who have sought a couch and canopy under the spreading branches of the umbrageous trees, to meditate on present plans and future prospects, ere launching

their barks upon the ocean of life, and whilst nerving themselves to breast the adverse billows,—*hoping* to float calmly upon prosperous waves. "Anticipation shadows forth enjoyments which we never realize; and though hope should fill the chalice to overflowing, disappointment may draw off its waters whilst our parched lips are quivering at the brim." *Happy hours*, however, dwell in the memory precisely as man has passed through them; and, as "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," so those periods of meditation which have been derived from the enticements of Mount Auburn, will remain constantly fixed in the recollection, as bright oases in the pilgrimage of life. We have heard of a venerable octogenarian, who, for sixty-five years made annual visits to this seat of many a boyish ramble, every summer bringing with it an increase of pleasure, even as time brought to the old man a decrease of strength. But the pleasure was in *contemplation;* the gratification was derived from his better views of life. In youth he sought the rustic spot, to chase the gray-squirrel from her nest,—to gather wild-flowers midst the dark green woods,—or to carve his name upon the bark of the noble trees, in a vain reaching after immortality;—in middle life, he found yet other pleasures amid strange vicissitudes;—and in old age, he had learned the lesson that "he who anticipates the enjoyment of high-raised hopes, builds castles in the air, calculates on a meteor, anchors in a cloud." He had "a hope full of immortality," and ere he drew his last breath, he saw the scene of his wanderings converted into a field of the dead! Then he deeply realized that "all that we behold is full of blessings," and he felt again a fulness of joy,—

> "Knowing that Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her."

Life is full of changes; and Mount Auburn itself is an illustration of a change. A fairy region it has seemed to the traveller and student, who have sought its sequestration for the purposes of intellectual indulgence;—a terrestrial paradise it has proved to all seekers after the beautiful in nature; and, so enticing have been its groves, its scenery and associations, that it received long since, the significant appellation of "*Sweet* Auburn"—a name, as yet, unforgotten, though innovation has been at work, and the favorite resort of the promenading explorer, the inviting ground of the botanist, the charmed retreat of the thoughtful student, has become dedicated earth—a consecrated spot—a rural cemetery—a "garden of graves!" Who now will enter such a place, without the joy of elevated thought? Faith interfuses itself throughout the whole of being, when we contemplate man's future destiny, and the soul's immortality; and, in walking abroad with nature, amidst the graves of a departing generation, there is, in the language of Wordsworth,

> "A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts
> And rolls through all things."

The eye of the mind never wilfully blinds itself amidst such a scene. Our very *faith* gives to us an awakened sense, and we are again well pleased, with the poet,

> ——————— "to recognise
> In nature and the language of the sense,
> The anchor of our purest thoughts; the nurse,
> The guide, the guardian of our hearts, and soul
> Of all our moral being."

That which was once an unappropriated woodland, known as

"Stone's Woods," and more lovingly designated as "Sweet Auburn," has become a burial-place for the dead, having a peculiar affinity with the spirit-land, even while amidst the very rank and range of mortal being. The acacia and the willow now emulate each other in their melancholy offices of love, and gently bend over the graves of the loved and lost, as they were wont to wave over the brow of contemplation, and they now shed the dew of morning and evening upon the *monuments* of genius, as they erst have shaken off the sparkling drops upon the mighty men, of which the enduring stone has become the meet memorial.

And it is indeed a fitting spot for such a purpose. The place which, as we have shown, has so courted the repose of the living, seems naturally to be appropriate for the sepulchre of the dead. The sombre shade of its groves, the solemn calm of all things around, appeal to the religious sense, and strike upon the mind as God's appointed indications of a "field of peace;" and the everywhere pervasive quiet is as an heaven-destined consecration for that "sleep which knows no waking."

And now, let us look again around us. We gaze upon the monuments, mounds, and tombs; we read the inscriptions and epitaphs with a pleasant feeling of veneration and reverence for those who have departed life in our own day and generation. The rural cemetery of Mount Auburn is too newly planned for *old* associations; and we wander over the verdant earth which encloses so much of recently departed life, with a tide of rushing recollections. Not as the traveller or modern Roman walks amongst the burial-ways of ancient Rome, and passes by the "nameless monuments of nameless existences, long since gone out amid the perpetual extinguishment of life;" but with a deep

and clinging interest, as though we walked amongst a multitudinous kindred, and held high and ennobling converse with the beatified spirits of those cherished ones who are not lost to us, but only "gone before." It is hallowed ground on which we tread, and the deep, dark wood is holy. The monuments of Mount Auburn mark an earthly sepulchre; but the spot itself, with its abundant and impressive beauties, is, as it were, the inscribed Monument of Nature to the never-fading greatness of the supreme Judge of both quick and dead—the invincible Arbiter of our fate, both here and hereafter! Heathen must be that heart which does not worship the Almighty amidst these consecrated fanes. To the true imagination, God should be *seen* in the bright light which beams in the noontide over those wavy forest-trees; he should be *heard* in the wind-murmurings which make the leaves rustle, and sway the tender grass; he should be *felt* "in the sorrows which, to the heart of sympathy, are living all around us, in the gentle sighings of bereft companions and friends!"

MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY.

We are "strangers and sojourners" here. We have need of "a possession of a burying place that we may bury our dead out of our sight." Let us have "the field and the cave which is therein; and all the trees that are in the field, and that are in the borders round about;" and let them "be made sure for a possession of a burying-place."

It appears from the various published records, and it is gratefully admitted by a more than satisfied public, that Mount Auburn Cemetery owes its origin to Dr. Jacob Bigelow, of Boston, the present president of the Corporation—a gentleman who early became impressed with the impolicy of burials under churches or in churchyards approximating closely to the abodes of the living. By him the plan for the rural cemetery was first conceived, and the first meeting on the subject called at his house in November, 1825. The project met the favorable consideration of his friends, among whom were various individuals, whose judgment in such matters was known to be correct, and whose influence proved to be effective. Included in the number were the late Judge Story, the late John Lowell, Esq., the late George Bond, Esq., the Hon. Edward Everett, Wm. Sturgis, Esq., Gen. Dearborn, Nathan Hale, Esq., Thomas W. Ward, Esq., Samuel P. Gardner, Esq., John Tappan, Esq., and others.

No suitable place, however, was fixed upon until nearly five years afterwards, when Dr. Bigelow obtained from George W. Brimmer, Esq., the overture of the land then called "Sweet Auburn," for the purpose of

a cemetery. The Massachusetts Horticultural Society was established in 1829, and, whilst in its infancy, and when the project for the cemetery also was but in embryo, it was thought by the parties concerned, that by an union of the objects of each, the success and prosperity of both would be finally insured. The Horticultural Society, after due consideration, decided to purchase the land of Mr. Brimmer (then comprising about 72 acres) for $6000, and it was determined to devote it to the purposes of a rural cemetery, and experimental garden. The ground was enclosed and consecrated in September, 1831. The Experimental Garden, owing to reasons unnecessary to introduce here, was subsequently relinquished; and, after a certain time, the proprietors of the Cemetery lots resolved to purchase the land from the Horticultural Society, and to appropriate its whole extent as a place of interment. This arrangement was amicably made, and an Act of Incorporation by the Legislature was obtained by the new proprietors in 1835, by which the Cemetery is exempted from public taxes, and its management vested in a Board of Trustees. From this moment the enterprise prospered, as so admirable an undertaking, and one so entirely divested of all selfish interests of pecuniary gain, might be expected to do.

The Rural Cemetery of Mount Auburn, in Massachusetts, has been the example and pattern of every similar institution in the United States. It was commenced long before any other was thought of, and it has struck a chord, the vibrations of which were destined to be felt throughout our country.

Besides the very important business of laying out the ground in avenues, paths, and lots, it was a part of the original design to build a suitable gateway, a building for the superintendent, a strong and

durable enclosure, a chapel, and an observatory on the top of the highest eminence; to procure the draining of some of the low land, so as to make it available for cemetery purposes, and to amass a permanent fund to keep it in good order. Most of these objects have been attained, as our after pages will show, and a permanent fund may be considered as already secure. Enough money to have formed such a fund has already been received over and above expenses; but it has wisely been thought advisable for the present, to appropriate such surplus to those permanent and utilitarian improvements, which would exhibit this pattern Cemetery to the world as a great and laudable undertaking—a wholly successful enterprise.

Ever since the first incorporation of the institution, much of its care has, by the Trustees, been vested in the discretion of Dr. Bigelow, and by him the designs of the stone gateway, the iron fence, and the new chapel, have been made.

That admirable man and eminent jurist, Joseph Story, LL.D., was the first President, and gave his influential support to the establishment during its infancy. He delivered the consecrating address, he frequented its walks, and engaged in its concerns with a truly parental interest, which lasted while his life continued.

General H. A. S. Dearborn gave his aid in a disinterested and indefatigable manner. By him the capacities of the ground were studied, and the avenues and paths chiefly laid out, whilst the belt of trees in front of the Cemetery was planted at his expense.

The late George W. Brimmer, Esq., the proprietor of the seventy-two acres first obtained by the society, liberally disposed of it for its present purpose *at cost*, and freely bestowed both his time and cultivated taste upon its early improvement.

Charles P. Curtis, Esq., by his financial and legal services rendered important assistance during the formation of the institution, and has been an active trustee from the beginning.

The late George Bond, Esq., was an early and ardent friend of the enterprise, and during his lifetime, performed many essential services in furtherance of the objects of the society.—Martin Brimmer, late Mayor of Boston, James Read, Isaac Parker, B. A. Gould, B. R. Curtis, Esqrs., and the late Joseph P. Bradlee, Esq., were its early and active supporters.

We mention these brief facts in proof that earnestness of purpose, combined with individual enthusiasm and perseverance, can securely carry into effect any laudable and practicable undertaking.

Mount Auburn Cemetery had a diligent and clear-sighted projector, and an influential board to carry out the necessary designs—who began with properly directed views in regard to the benefit of living humanity. It has therefore gone on and prospered. Already its limits have been extended by a new purchase of land, and it now covers one hundred and ten acres. Upwards of one thousand two hundred proprietors have purchased lots of varied extent, and there is room enough for vast additions to the numbers of the buried dead. "Mount Auburn," said the lamented Story, in his Consecration Address, "in the noblest sense, belongs no longer to the living, but to the dead. It is a sacred, it is an eternal trust. It is consecrated ground. May it remain forever, inviolate!"

The distance of Mount Auburn from the metropolis of Massachusetts is about four miles. It is partly within the limits of Cambridge and Watertown, and is situated on the south side of the main road leading from the first-named town to the last. The Cemetery is laid

out, thus far, in twenty-three intersecting avenues, and about seventy-four foot-paths; and here we may be permitted to re-appropriate the lines of the poet, in applying to *natural* beauty what he so properly condemns in the formal school of his time; and to say literally, in view of the forest umbrageousness of these numerous openings, that

"——— tree nods to tree,
Each alley has its brother."

The avenues are winding in their course and exceedingly beautiful in their gentle circuits, adapted picturesquely to the inequalities of the surface of the ground, and producing charming landscape effects from this natural arrangement, such as could never be had from straightness or regularity. Various small lakes, or ponds of different size and shape, embellish the grounds; and some of these have been so cleansed, deepened, and banked, as to present a pleasant feature in this wide-spread extent of forest loveliness—this ground of hallowed purpose. The gates of the enclosure are opened at sunrise and closed at sunset, and thither crowds go up to meditate, and to wander in a field of peace; to twine the votive garland around the simple head-stone, or to sow the seed of floral life over the new-made grave—fit emblems of our own growth, decay, and death. Mount Auburn appears to be "the first example in modern times of so large a tract of ground being selected for its natural beauties, and submitted to the processes of landscape gardening, to prepare it for the reception of the dead."

The present price of a lot is $100 for three hundred superficial square feet, and in proportion for a larger lot. The number of monuments already erected, amounts to nearly three hundred, many of

which are elegant and costly. Limited pecuniary means will probably ever be a reason why the majority of these tributes to the departed will be of a simple character, and erected at small expense. But *good taste*, happily, is not subservient to the power of gold, and should ever be consulted even in the simplest memorial. The wealth which justifies large expenditures is not always successfully applied, and we have seen sepulchral structures of high cost, which, to the beholder, admitted of no other feeling than that they were monuments of the bad taste of the designer. An understanding of purely classic forms, and a chaste taste, will cause an enduring memorial to be placed over a departed friend, which shall be a model of unpretending beauty; but a false taste will erect a clumsy mass of granite or marble, which shall exhibit, perhaps, a futile effort to surpass others, and be in reality an architectural abomination. The grassy and elevated mound duly planted with the flowers of the revolving seasons, and watered by the hand of affection, is a far better and more pleasing monument than an unsuccessful effort of the other kind, and infinitely more grateful to the traveller's eye. "I have seen," says the venerable Chateaubriand, "memorable monuments to Crassus and to Cæsar, but I prefer the airy tombs of the Indians, those mausoleums of flowers and verdure refreshed by the morning dew, embalmed and fanned by the breeze, and over which waves the same branch where the blackbird builds his nest, and utters forth his plaintive melody."

To render Mount Auburn or any other rural burial-place all that it ought to be in the way of monumental beauty, the utmost care should be paid to the classic selection and proper variety of its sepulchral devices—its cenotaphs, monoliths, and obelisks; and they should be constructed of material least calculated to be impaired by the

influences of time and weather. Neatness should always be observed in the cultivation of that floral growth which constitutes another kind of burial offering. The flowers planted on or around the spot of interment, whilst as far as possible maintaining their natural appearance, should never be permitted to run together and crowd like weeds, but should be so carefully trained, separated, and arranged, as to impress the passer-by with a sure feeling that those interred beneath, have a perpetual memory in the hearts of the survivors; that they are duly cared for as perennial memorials of the love of friends, or, what is more comforting still, as symbols and types of the resurrection!

"Then will we love the modest flower,
And cherish it with tears;
It minds us of our fleeting time,
Yet chases all our fears.

"And when our hour of rest shall be,
We will not weep our doom;
So angel-mission'd flowers may come
And gather round the tomb!"

THE PORTAL.

"Speak low! the place is holy to the breath
Of awful harmonies, of whisper'd prayer;
Tread lightly! for the sanctity of death
Broods with a voiceless influence on the air:
Stern, yet serene! a reeonciling spell,
Each troubled billow of the soul to quell."

The main entrance to this favored "haunt of nature"—this solemn, and now consecrated fane—exemplifies the beauty of adaptation to the dignity of a mighty sepulchre,—one of those forest-groves which the poet has called the "first temples" of the Almighty—one of those ancient sanctuaries, which had their being long

"Ere man had learn'd
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them."

Originally the portal was of wood, rough-cast, in imitation of stone, and the connected paling on either side was of wood also. The lofty entrance-gate has now been reconstructed, in granite, in the same style of architecture as at first—the Egyptian—and it presents to the

beholder an imposing structure, the very massiveness and complete workmanship of which, insures an almost eternal duration. It is less heavy, however, than the common examples of that style. Its piers have not the pyramidal or sloping form so common in Egyptian edifices, but are made vertically erect, like the more chaste examples in the great portals of Thebes and Denderah. The massive cornice by which it is surmounted is of a single stone, measuring 24 feet in height by 12 in breadth. It is ornamented with the "winged globe" and fluted foliage of the Egyptian style, and bears underneath this inscription, in raised letters, between its filleted mouldings: —

"Then shall the Dust return to the Earth as it was, and the Spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

"MOUNT AUBURN.

Consecrated September 24, 1831."

The two low structures at the sides, are rooms occupied as the porter's lodge, and the office of the superintendent.

As regards monuments or designs of the Egyptian style, for places of Christian interment, we are aware that an objection made to them has been, that they mark a period anterior to Christian civilization — a period of relative degradation and paganism; but it has ever been a pleasure with the thoughtful, to look beyond the actual *appearance* of a figure, to the right development of its original idea. The now mythologized doctrines of Egypt, seem to have been the original

source of others more ennobling; and hieroglyphical discoveries have traced, and are tracing them far beyond the era of the pyramids, to an unknown limit, but to a pure, sacred, and divine source. When the art of writing was unknown, the primeval Egyptians resorted to symbols and emblems to express their faith; and these, as correctly interpreted, certainly present many sublime ideas in connection with those great truths which in an after age constituted the doctrines of "*Christianity.*" Some of their sculptures and paintings were undoubtedly symbolical of the resurrection of the soul, a dread of the final judgment, and a belief in Omnipotent justice. The very *pyramidal shape*, of which the Egyptians were so fond, is believed to indicate an idea not disgraceful to a wholly Christian era. The reason why this form was chosen for their tombs, is declared by the learned Rosellini to have been, because it represented *the mountain*, the holy hill, the divine sanctuary cut in the mountain, i. e., *the tomb.* The *mountain* was sacred among the Egyptians as the abode of the dead, and was identical with the *sepulchre*, the nether world, and their *Amenti*, the future state. The image or figure of a hill became an emblem of *death*, and the pyramidal form, which imitated it, was a funereal symbol —an object consecrated to the abode of the departed. The "winged globe," which is carved on the gateway of Mount Auburn, is a most beautiful emblem of benign protection. In the form of a sun, with outstretched wings, it covers the façades of most Egyptian buildings, and was the primitive type of the divine wisdom—the universal Protector. We do not know of a more fitting emblem than this for the abode of the dead, which we may well suppose to be overshadowed with the protecting wings of Him who is the great author of our being—the "giver of life and death."

The gateway of Mount Auburn opens from what is known as the old Cambridge road, and in front of Central Avenue, on the north boundary line of the Cemetery. This avenue forms a wide carriage-road, and is one of the most beautiful openings ever improved for such a purpose. With the exception of the necessary grading, levelling, and cutting down of the brushwood, and the planting of a few trees, it has been left as Nature has made it. On either side it is overshadowed by the foliage of forest-trees, firs, pines, and other evergreens; and here you first begin to see the monuments starting up from the surrounding verdure, like bright remembrances from the heart of earth.

In 1844, the increasing funds of the corporation justified a new expenditure for the plain but massy iron fence which encloses the front of the Cemetery. This fence is ten feet in height, and supported on granite posts extending four feet into the ground. It measures half a mile in length, and will, when completed, effectually preserve the Cemetery inviolate from any rude intrusion. The cost of the gateway was about $10,000—the fence, $15,000.

A continuation of the iron fence on the easterly side is now under contract, and a strong wooden palisade is, as we learn, to be erected on the remaining boundary during the present year.

THE BINNEY MONUMENT.

"A lovely shrine! a cherub form
Extended on its marble bed
As if the gentle dews of sleep
Had droop'd the little floweret's head.
Fair image! spotless as the snow;
Pure as the angel shape below,
When first that lifeless sleeper came,
In the brown mould to rest its frame."

The monument of which the engraving gives so pleasing a view, is in Yarrow Path, and the figure itself is a most accurate resemblance of the cherub child of whose image it is the embodiment. It is the work of Henry Dexter, an artist of taste and reputation, and was taken just as the original lay on her pallet after death;—even the indenture on the bed, made by the body, is strikingly represented; the hands are crossed upon the breast, and the feet bare, and crossed likewise. When first finished, in all the shining purity of the marble, the statue, notwithstanding the coldness of the substance, seemed to have an actual life about it. In its recumbent posture, and with the pillowed head, it appears indeed like an infant sleeping:—

"She had no pulse, but death seem'd absent still."

The "marble bed" upon which this infant figure reposes, is surrounded with four small columns, and the finished work is a meet memo-

rial of departed innocence and beauty. It reminds us of the lost child of the Indian mother, whom Chateaubriand describes as coming to plant flowers upon the turf where reposed her departed infant, whom she thus addresses:—"Why should I deplore thy early grave, oh! my first-born? When the newly fledged bird first seeks his food, he finds many bitter grains. Thou hast never felt the pangs of sorrow, and thy heart was never polluted by the poisonous breath of man. The rose that is nipped in the bud, dies enclosed with all its perfumes, like thee, my child, with all thy innocence. Happy are those who die in infancy; they have never known the joys or sorrows of a mother."

This expression of chastened grief is as touching as it is pure. We cannot forget, in its connection, the promise of Him who said of little children, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

This beautiful monument, so much visited by wanderers over Mount Auburn, exhibits the first marble statue executed in Boston, and it marks the lot of C. J. F. Binney, Esq., of Boston. There are now but two *personal* representations in Mount Auburn, and this is one of them. Monumental tributes of this class are as yet rare in our country, though no style can be more appropriate in memory of buried friends. The following verses form an impromptu tribute, on beholding the marble memorial in Yarrow Path:—

"The dread power of heaven alone can restore
That life to the dead, which it gave them before;
But man's lofty genius can rescue from death,
The last lovely look, the last smile, the last breath.

"The sculptor, in marble, a life can restore,
That never will perish till time be no more;
Thus the great, the ingenious, the lovely and pure,
For example, applause, and affection endure."

THE NAVAL MONUMENT.

"And long they look'd, but never spied
The welcome step again."

"Near the deep was the slaughter,
And there the sudden blow,
Brave blood pour'd out like water,—
The vengeance of the foe."

The principal obelisk represented in the opposite engraving, is a lofty cenotaph of pure white marble, ornamented on the four sides with festoons of roses in relievo, and presenting altogether a monument of good proportion, strikingly chaste and simple. It is erected to the memory of four officers of the United States Exploring Expedition, the melancholy termination of whose lives is here briefly recorded by the surviving companions of their noble and perilous enterprise. Their melancholy fate was not met in the reckless pursuit of gain, nor in the mad chase after military glory; but in the nobler and equally

daring career of the pioneers of civilization, in extending the bounds of humanity and science, whilst surveying unknown seas for the benefit and security of those who were to come after them.

The fate of two of the young officers—passed midshipmen James W. Reid and Frederic A. Bacon—whose names are recorded upon the marble, is shrouded in obscurity. Among the vessels of the expedition, were two New York pilot-boats, called the Flying-fish and the Seagull,—the latter commanded by Mr. Reid, who had with him Mr. Bacon and fifteen men. The other vessels having sailed from Orange Bay, near Cape Horn, on the 28th April, 1839, these two small vessels also took their departure for Valparaiso. A heavy gale came on during that night, and the Flying-fish returned to her anchorage, having lost sight of the Seagull. The other vessels arrived in safety, but the little Seagull was never heard of more. The commodore of the Pacific station, some time afterwards, dispatched a man-of-war to search the shores of Terra del Fuego—but it was in vain. She is supposed to have foundered in the boisterous seas off Cape Horn, when all on board must have perished. Lieut. Wilkes, commander of the expedition, speaks of these two officers as having no superiors in the squadron, for the station they occupied. "They brought with them into the expedition," he says, "a high character; and during the short period in which they were attached to it, they were distinguished for their devotedness to the arduous service in which they were engaged." Mr. Bacon was a native of Connecticut. Mr. Reid, a native of Georgia, son of the late Gov. Reid of Florida.

On the reverse side of this cenotaph, the inscription reads as follows:—

TO THE MEMORY OF

LIEUTENANT JOSEPH A. UNDERWOOD,

AND

MIDSHIPMAN WILKES HENRY,

WHO FELL BY THE HANDS OF SAVAGES, WHILST PROMOTING THE CAUSE OF SCIENCE AND PHILANTHROPY,

AT MOLOLO, ONE OF THE FEJEE GROUP OF ISLANDS,

JULY 24, 1840.

The sanguinary and barbarous character of the Fejee islanders, has long been a theme of marvel to the whalers and traders to the Pacific, but the atrocity of their premeditated and entirely unprovoked attack upon poor Underwood and his party, has rarely been surpassed. These officers had boldly gone on shore to procure provision from the natives, when they were suddenly attacked by some of the cannibals of the place, and killed by club wounds.

All the usual precautions in dealing with these treacherous savages were adopted: a native, supposed at that time to be a chief, secured in the boat as hostage, and the remainder of the party, with the boats and arms, being ready for any emergency. But alas! the wily cannibals had laid their plans with a too fatal certainty. Having lured Mr. Underwood and his party on shore, and whilst their attention was engaged in bartering, the hostage leaped overboard, making his escape; and at the same moment, as if by preconcerted signal, the natives sprang from their hiding-places, and fell upon them with spears and war-clubs, in overpowering numbers. And here it was that the coolness and heroic, self-sacrificing spirit of the officers shone forth glo-

riously,—exposing their own lives in covering the retreat of the men, who all made their escape, while Underwood and Henry, after a short conflict, were beaten down by the war-clubs of the fell destroyers.

Such was the tragic fate of these brave men, in connection with which there is but one alleviating circumstance—that their bodies were rescued from the savage foe. Though interred leagues from home and kindred, where no tear of affection could water the bier, they received a Christian sepulture, where the thick trees wave over their hidden graves, and where, ten miles from the place of the massacre, the everlasting rocks will be their eternal monument! Their bodies were transported to one of the sand-islands of a neighboring group, and, wrapped in their country's flag, were suitably interred there. The following affecting passage in relation to this melancholy service, is from Capt. Wilkes' Narrative of the Exploring Expedition:—

"Twenty sailors, (all dressed in white,) with myself and officers, landed to pay this last mark of affection and respect to those who had shared so many dangers with us, and of whom we were so suddenly bereaved. The quiet of the scene, the solemnity of the occasion, and the smallness of the number who assisted, were all calculated to produce an unbroken silence. The bodies were quietly taken up and borne along to the centre of the island, where stood a grove of ficus trees, whose limbs were entwined in all directions by running vines. It was a lonely and suitable spot, in a shade so dense that scarce a ray of the sun could penetrate it. The grave was dug deep and wide in the pure white sand, and the funeral service read over the remains with such deep feeling, that none will forget the impression of that sad half hour. After the bodies had been closed in, three volleys were fired over the grave, and every precaution taken to erase all marks

that might indicate where these unfortunate gentlemen were interred. To fix a more enduring mark on the place, the island itself was named after young 'Henry,' and the cluster of which it forms one, 'Underwood Group.'"

The cenotaph at Mount Auburn stands upon Central Avenue, and tells the lingerer upon the spot, that it was erected to the memory of these unfortunate men, "by their associates, the officers and scientific corps of the United States Exploring Expedition."

The other obelisk seen in the engraving, marks the lot of B. Fiske, Esq., of Boston.

INTERMENT OF THE DEAD.

In the first number of this work we have dwelt upon the natural and picturesque beauties of Mount Auburn, and have presented the reasons why this remarkable spot seemed eminently adapted for a repository of the dead, and a place of consolation to the living. We have thought it well to commence this second part with some more philosophical views of the advantage and necessity of suburban cemeteries, such as form the subjects of these serial publications. For this purpose, we have made use of a lecture delivered in Boston, by Dr Bigelow, at the time when the subject was first agitated among us. Some portions of this discourse we have inserted at length, and others in a condensed form.

"The manner in which we dispose of the remains of our deceased friends, is a subject which has begun, of late, to occupy a large share of the public attention. It involves not only considerations which belong to the public convenience, but includes also the gratification of individual taste and the consolation of private sorrow. Although, in a strictly philosophical view, this subject possesses but little importance, except in relation to the convenience of survivors, yet so closely are

our sympathies enlisted with it, and so inseparably do we connect the feelings of the living with the condition of the dead, that it is in vain that we attempt to divest ourselves of its influence. It is incumbent upon us, therefore, to analyze, as far as we may be able, the principles which belong to a correct view of the subject,—since it is only by understanding these, that we may expect both reason and feeling to be satisfied."

"The progress of all organized beings is towards decay. The complicated textures which the living body elaborates within itself, begin to fall asunder almost as soon as life has ceased. The materials of which animals and vegetables are composed, have natural laws and irresistible affinities, which are suspended during the period of life, but which must be obeyed the moment that life is extinct. These continue to operate until the exquisite fabric is reduced to a condition in nowise different from that of the soil on which it has once trodden. In certain cases art may modify, and accident may retard the approaches of disorganization, but the exceptions thus produced are too few and imperfect to invalidate the certainty of the general law.

"If we take a comprehensive survey of the progress and mutations of animal and vegetable life, we shall perceive that this necessity of individual destruction is the basis of general safety. The elements which have once moved and circulated in living frames, do not become extinct nor useless after death;—they offer themselves as the materials from which other living frames are to be constructed. What has once possessed life is most assimilated to the living character, and most ready to partake of life again. The plant which springs from the earth, after attaining its growth and perpetuating its species, falls to the ground, undergoes decomposition, and contributes its remains to

the nourishment of plants around it. The myriads of animals which range the woods or inhabit the air, at length die upon the surface of the earth, and if not devoured by other animals, prepare for vegetation the place which receives their remains. Were it not for this law of nature, the soil would be soon exhausted, the earth's surface would become a barren waste, and the whole race of organized beings, for want of sustenance, would become extinct.

"Man alone, the master of the creation, does not willingly stoop to become a participator in the routine of nature. In every age he has manifested a disposition to exempt himself, and to rescue his fellow, from the common fate of living beings. Although he is prodigal of the lives of other classes, and sometimes sacrifices a hundred inferior bodies to procure for himself a single repast, yet he regards with scrupulous anxiety the destination of his own remains; and much labor and treasure are devoted by him to ward off for a season the inevitable courses of nature. Under the apprehension of posthumous degradation, human bodies have been embalmed,—their concentrated dust has been enclosed in golden urns,—monumental fortresses have been piled over their decaying bones;—with what success and with what use, it remains to be considered."

A few instances are selected, in which measures have been taken to protect the human frame from decay, which will be seen to have been, in some cases, partially successful, in others not so.

King Edward I. of England died in 1307. His body was embalmed, and buried in Westminster Abbey. About 467 years afterwards, a number of antiquarians obtained leave to open the sarcophagus, when the body was found in a high state of preservation.

Another instance of nearly the same result is recollected in the

body of King Charles I. This was found by accident at Windsor, in 1813, in the wall of the vault of Henry VIII. The coffin bore the inscription, "King Charles, 1648." Sir Henry Halford examined the body in the presence of the royal family, and has given to the world an interesting account of the examination.

These are declared to be two of the most successful instances of posthumous preservation. In other embalmed bodies there have been very different results. The coffin of Henry VIII. was inspected at the same time with that of Charles, and found to contain nothing but the mere skeleton of the king. During the present century the sarcophagus of King John has also been examined: it contained little else than a disorganized mass of earth.

The rapidity with which decomposition takes place in organic bodies, depends upon the particular circumstances under which they are placed. A certain temperature and a certain degree of moisture are indispensable agents in the common process of putrefaction; and could these be avoided in the habitable parts of our globe, human bodies might last indefinitely. Where a great degree of cold exists, it tends powerfully to check the process of destructive fermentation; and when it extends so far as to produce congelation, its protecting power is complete. Bodies of men have been found in a state of perfect preservation amongst the snows of the Andes and Alps; and an elephant of an extinct species was found in 1806, imbedded in an ice-rock of the polar sea, having been first seen in this position in 1799. It required five summers to melt the ice so that the entire body could be liberated. These facts are sufficient to show that a low degree of temperature is an effectual preventive of animal decomposition. On the other hand, a certain degree of heat, combined with a dry atmo-

sphere, although a less perfect protection, is sufficient to check the destructive process. Warmth, combined with moisture, tends greatly to promote decomposition; yet if the degree of heat, or the circumstances under which it acts, are such as to produce a perfect dissipation of moisture, the further progress of decay is arrested. In the arid caverns of Egypt, the dried flesh of mummies, although greatly changed from its original appearance, has made no progress towards ultimate decomposition, during two or three thousand years.

"In the crypt under the cathedral of Milan, travellers are shown the ghastly relics of Carlo Borromeo, as they have lain for two centuries, enclosed in a crystal sarcophagus, and bedecked with costly finery of silk and gold. The preservation of this body is equal to that of an Egyptian mummy; yet a more loathsome piece of mockery than it exhibits can hardly be imagined.

"It will be perceived that the instances which have been detailed, are cases of extraordinary exemption, resulting from uncommon care, or from the most favorable combination of circumstances,—such as can befall but an exceedingly small portion of the human race. The common fate of animal bodies is to undergo the entire destruction of their fabric, and the obliteration of their living features in a few years, and sometimes even weeks, after their death. No sooner does life cease, than the elements which constituted the vital body become subject to the common laws of inert matter. The original affinities, which had been modified or suspended during life, are brought into operation; the elementary atoms react upon each other; the organized structure passes into decay, and is converted into its original dust. Such is the natural, and we may add, the proper destination of the material part of all that has once moved and breathed.

"The reflections which naturally suggest themselves, in contemplating the wrecks of humanity which have occasionally been brought to light, are such as to lead us to ask,—Of what possible use is a resistance to the laws of nature, which, when most successfully executed, can at best only preserve a defaced and degraded image of what was once perfect and beautiful? Could we by any means arrest the progress of decay, so as to gather round us the dead of a hundred generations in a visible and tangible shape; could we fill our houses and our streets with mummies,—what possible acquisition could be more useless—what custom could be more revolting? For precisely the same reason, the subterranean vaults and the walls of brick, which we construct to divide the clay of humanity from that of the rest of creation, and to preserve it separate for a time, as it were, for future inspection, are neither useful, gratifying, nor ultimately effectual. Could the individuals themselves, who are to be the subjects of this care, have the power to regulate the officious zeal of their survivors, one of the last things they could reasonably desire would be, that the light should ever shine on their changed and crumbling relics.

"On the other hand, when nature is permitted to take her course—when the dead are committed to the earth under the open sky, to become early and peacefully blended with their original dust, no unpleasant association remains. It would seem as if the forbidding and repulsive conditions which attend on decay, were merged and lost in the surrounding harmonies of the creation.

"When the body of Major André was taken up, a few years since, from the place of its interment near the Hudson, for the purpose of being removed to England, it was found that the skull of that officer was closely encircled by a network formed by the roots of a smal

tree, which had been planted near his head. This is a natural and most beautiful coincidence. It would seem as if a faithful sentinel had taken his post, to watch till the obliterated ashes should no longer need a friend. Could we associate with inanimate clay any of the feelings of sentient beings, who would not wish to rescue his remains from the prisons of mankind, and commit them thus to the embrace of nature?

"Convenience, health, and decency require that the dead should be early removed from our sight. The law of nature ordains that they should moulder into dust; and the sooner this change is accomplished the better. This change should take place, not in the immediate contiguity of survivors,—not in frequented receptacles, provided for the promiscuous concentration of numbers,—not where the intruding light may annually usher in a new tenant, to encroach upon the old. It should take place peacefully, silently, separately—in the retired valley or the sequestered wood, where the soil continues its primitive exuberance, and where the earth has not become too costly to afford to each occupant at least his length and breadth.

"Within the bounds of populous and growing cities, interments cannot with propriety take place beyond a limited extent. The vacant tracts reserved for burial-grounds, and the cellars of churches which are converted into tombs, become glutted with inhabitants, and are in the end obliged to be abandoned, though not, perhaps, until the original tenants have been ejected, and the same space has been occupied three or four successive times. Necessity obliges a recourse at last to be had to the neighboring country; and hence in Paris, London, Liverpool, Leghorn, and other European cities, cemeteries have been constructed without the confines of their population. These places,

in consequence of the sufficiency of the ground, and the funds which usually grow out of such establishments, have been made the recipients of tasteful ornament. Travellers are attracted by their beauty, and dwell with interest on their subsequent recollection. The scenes which, under most other circumstances, are repulsive and disgusting, are by the joint influence of nature and art rendered beautiful, attractive, and consoling."

"We regard the relics of our deceased friends and kindred for what they have been, and not for what they are. We cannot keep in our presence the degraded image of the original frame; and if some memorial is necessary to soothe the unsatisfied want which we feel when bereaved of their presence, it must be found in contemplating the place in which we know their dust is hidden. The history of mankind in all ages, shows that the human heart clings to the grave of its disappointed wishes,—that it seeks consolation in rearing emblems and monuments, and in collecting images of beauty over the disappearing relics of humanity. This can be fitly done, not in the tumultuous and harassing din of cities,—not in the gloomy and almost unapproachable vaults of charnel-houses,—but amidst the quiet verdure of the field, under the broad and cheerful light of heaven, where the harmonious and ever-changing face of nature reminds us, by its resuscitating influences, that to die is but to live again."

THE CHAPEL.

"For the departed soul they raise
A requiem sad, a psalm of praise."

[McLellan.

"How full of consolation here may be
The voice of him, whose office 'tis to give
'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.'"

[Pierpont.

In a spot consecrated to so holy a purpose as Mount Auburn, the propriety of a structure in which the last services may be performed over the dead, strikes the mind at once; and with some denominations of Christians, is almost of absolute necessity. Amongst Episcopalians, for instance, the corpse is carried before the mourners, and preceded by the minister, who is required to read the burial service, "either entering the church or going towards the grave." Individuals of other sects, who have lost friends by death, have a preference, sometimes, that the service should be performed on the ground of interment, rather than in their own houses, as is the common custom. These ceremonies, in favorable weather, have been performed in the open

air, when a peculiar solemnity has been imparted to them; but in inclement seasons, it is evident that such church requirements or personal feelings could not be gratified. The erection of a chapel at Mount Auburn would, it was known, obviate this difficulty, and be a gratification to sorrowing friends; whilst such a building would also afford a suitable place for the reception of statues, busts, and other delicate pieces of sculpture, liable to injury from exposure to the weather. Within the past year such an edifice has been constructed. It is erected upon elevated ground, on the right of Central Avenue, not far from the entrance, and with its Gothic pinnacles pointing heavenward, forms a picturesque object, as a view of it is caught ever and anon from the various turnings. It is built of granite; is 66 feet by 40 in dimensions; with its decorations mostly taken from the continental examples in France and Germany. The exterior is surrounded with octagonal buttresses and pinnacles, and the clerestory is supported by Gothic pillars. Care has been taken to produce a certain kind of light in the interior, mellow, solemn, most in consonance with the especial object of the edifice, and, at the same time, such as would pleasingly reflect upon statuary and other decorations of sculpture. With reference to these effects, the light has been admitted only from the ends of the building, and above from the clerestory. The windows are of colored glass; and as the broad mid-day light enters through them, it plays in prismatic hues upon the sombre columns and vaults,—relieves the gloom,—and reminds one by its radiance, as the bow in the clouds reminded Campbell, of the beautiful forms of angel goodness following the thunder and the storm; coming, not severe in wrath, but with a garment of brightness; and bringing a blessed memory of the power of that high and holy One who made both the light

and the darkness,—ordered life and death, mortality and immortality.

In the head of the large nave window, is a beautiful allegorical design, representing peaceful death. It consists of a winged female figure asleep, and floating in the clouds, bearing in her arms two sleeping infants. The babes in the sweet repose of the mother's breast, and the whole ascending group in that sleep which indicates the loosening of the silver cord, forms a beautiful design, imperceptibly leading the beholder to sympathize with the mother's spirit, peacefully dreaming, as it were, in the words of Mrs. Hemans,—

"Free, free from earth-born fear,
I would range the blessed skies,
Through the blue divinely clear,
Where the low mists cannot rise."

The outline of this design is taken mainly from Thorwaldsen's celebrated bas-relief of "Night," and well recalls the reunion of parents and children in their final rest. In the centre of the rose-window which forms a conspicuous part of the front, is a painted design emblematic of immortality, consisting of two cherubs from Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto, gazing upwards with their well-known expression of adoration and love, into what, in this instance, is a light or "glory," proceeding from beyond the picture. These windows have been made under the direction of Mr. Hay of Edinburgh, author of several philosophic treatises on the harmony of colors. They are executed by Messrs. Ballantyne and Allan, the artists who have been lately selected, by the commissioners on the fine arts, to make the windows for the new Houses of Parliament in London. The entire cost of the

chapel has been about $25,000; nearly a third of which sum was obtained by subscription.

We know not any domain (except it be the great world itself) that can better show forth the connection existing between taste and morals, than the various surface of a rural burial-place. The cultivation of the fine arts may there be exhibited in a genuine spirit of beauty and of purity; and floriculture can be made lovingly to "tesselate the floor of nature's temple." The poet there may gain new perceptions of truth and beauty from varied forms and shapes of being; and the writer of epitaphs, even, can exhibit the value of his occasional and unappreciated vocation, in the ability with which the judiciously written though brief inscription, may indicate the great Christian hope, and point to that life beyond the present, where the friends who are lost to us in this world enter upon a nobler existence. Thus it is seen that *taste*, whether exhibited in flower-crowned mounds, or in the chaste and classic monument, may exist in a rural cemetery, in close connection with *morals;* and it is no less true, that every pure ideal of religion and virtue grows in beauty by the food upon which it feeds. In this way a progress towards excellence is attained, and the rural burying-place becomes the means to a great end. The resting-place of the dead, in this view, may be said to be as a city, "whose foundations are garnished with all manner of precious stones, whose streets are of pure gold, and whose gates are of pearl."

THE MONUMENT TO SPURZHEIM.

"Land of the golden vine,
Land of the lordly Rhine,
Weep, distant land!
Weep for your son who came
Hither in Learning's name,
Bearing her sacred flame
In his pure hand."

[McLellan

The monument to Spurzheim is a copy of that of Scipio Africanus at Rome, and is the first which meets the eye whilst advancing into the cemetery from the main avenue. The simple name is the only record which it bears,—all other inscription or epitaph being left to the hand of fame, or to the suggestive imagination and peculiar feelings of such as may visit the shades where rest the remains of an energetic and hopeful foreigner.

John Gaspar Spurzheim was born in December, 1776, at Longvick, a village on the Moselle, about seven miles from the city of Trêves, in the lower circle of the Rhine. He studied medicine at Vienna, and becoming a pupil of the celebrated Dr. Gall, almost outdid his teacher in his enthusiasm for the *science* (so called) of Phrenology. In 1805

he undertook, with his master, a course of travels through various parts of central Europe, to disseminate phrenological doctrines, and to examine the heads of criminals and others in the public institutions. Some of these examinations are said to have been very remarkable in their results; and notwithstanding the opposition of the great Cuvier, these two sanguine associates were successful in leading a multitude of individuals to place full reliance in the possibility of ascertaining the intellectual and moral traits of man and animals, from the configuration of their heads. Dr. Spurzheim pursued his travels also in England, Scotland, and France, the grand themes of his discourses being the anatomy, physiology, and pathology of the brain. As an anatomical investigator of the brain, his skill is universally acknowledged; and in the development of the structure of this organ, his researches have been of much benefit to science. In 1821, he took up his residence in Paris, believing that in that vast city he should meet with the best opportunities of teaching his doctrines to students from all parts of the world. His lectures, however, were prohibited by the French government; and in 1825 he passed over to London, where he published various works in connection with the peculiar subject of his favorite investigations, and also upon the functions of the nervous system. He visited the principal cities of England and Scotland, and gained converts to his doctrines in almost all of them. The propagators of new opinions rarely fail to find supporters; and the more ingenious the theory—the more fascinating the manner of the expounder, the more enthusiastic and stubborn are the proselytes who assume the defence. *Time* at length presents the touchstone of immortal truth; and though it sometimes takes *years* to apply the test, yet delusion sooner or later subsides, where there is no foundation for its contin-

nance. At the present epoch, the confidence once placed in the doctrines of the phrenologists appears to have much abated. Pure science has fixed laws which are ever true; and there is a wide gulf between absolutely practical knowledge, and that belief which proceeds from unsubstantiated theory. The industry and zeal of Spurzheim might undoubtedly have been more subservient to the good of mankind, had they been applied to some other study than phrenology.

In 1832, the indefatigable pupil of Gall determined to try a new field of labor, and he therefore sailed from Havre for the United States. He came to this country, it is said, with a twofold purpose: to study the genius and character of our people, and to propagate the doctrines of phrenology. His career in America is too well remembered to require any prolixity of detail in these pages. He was emphatically an enthusiast, and undeniably an indefatigable student; he was urbane in his social deportment; kind to his friends and charitable to his opponents; liberal towards the views of others, and benevolent to the whole family of man. He was a Christian in his faith and hopes; and here he was humble-minded, as the sincere believer, the faithful hoper should ever be. Professor Follen says of him, that "whatever particular form of faith he may have preferred, he firmly believed in the essential truths of natural and revealed religion. He adopted Christianity as a divine system, chiefly on the ground of its great internal evidence, its perfect adaptation to human nature, and the spirit of truth and divine philanthropy which gives life to all its precepts. All morality, he thought, was contained in these two precepts. —'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself.' All prayers, he thought, were comprised in this one,— *Father, thy will be done.*'"

Whilst in Boston, he tasked himself severely in public lectures before schools and societies; and the value of his remarks upon that important topic, "physical education," are gratefully admitted. His great intellectual efforts, together with the effects of our climate, much impaired his health. He became sick with fever; medical advice was unavailing; and he breathed his last on the 10th of November, 1832. The Boston Medical Association as a body, and a voluntary procession of citizens, escorted his remains from the old South Church, where the burial-service was performed, to the cemetery of Park-street Church, where they were deposited until the tomb at Mount Auburn could be prepared. The monument which the engraving delineates, was the result of a movement amongst the friends of the deceased, who admired him as a man and a lecturer, irrespectively of his peculiar tenets; but the expense was eventually defrayed by the liberality of the Hon. Wm. Sturgis of Boston. America's tribute to this native of the old world, in the language of one of his biographers, is thus "a grave and a monument."

THE LOWELL MONUMENT.

"And, as his body lies enshrined in the bosom of his mother earth, we can say, in the fulness of our hearts, Peace to his slumbers. He needs no monument to perpetuate his memory;

'*His monument shall be his name alone.*'"

[ANONYMOUS.

THE imposing monumental structure, which the engraving accurately represents, is constructed of granite, and stands in Willow Avenue. The name of "LOWELL" is carved, in raised letters, upon its front, and is never read by the wanderers from the city and its adjacent regions, without a feeling of pride, in the memories which it brings up of a generation of eminent men,—benefactors to New England, whether regarded as enterprising merchants, lawyers, or lovers of science and literature. Our neighboring town of LOWELL, celebrated for its manufactures, received its name in honor of the late Francis C. Lowell, Esq., of Boston, one of the first who introduced that magnificent enterprise, the *manufacture of cotton*, into the United States. The "Lowell Institute," that fostering foundation for the at-

tainment and diffusion of scientific knowledge, bears the name of its munificent founder,—the late John Lowell, Jr., (son of Francis C. Lowell,)—and is an establishment which, in its conception and design, has no parallel, either in our own country or in Europe. "The idea of a foundation of this kind," says Edward Everett, "on which, unconnected with any place of education, provision is made, in the midst of a large commercial population, for annual courses of instruction by public lectures, to be delivered gratuitously to all who choose to attend them, as far as is practicable within our largest hall, is, I believe, original with Mr. Lowell."

The monument to which we have thus alluded, was erected by the executors of the late John Lowell, Jr., to the memory of his wife, an amiable and accomplished woman, who died a few years after their marriage, and of his two daughters, his only children, who did not long survive their mother. The monument bears this simple inscription:—

ERECTED

BY ORDER OF

JOHN LOWELL, Jr.,

IN MEMORY OF

HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN,

AS A

TESTIMONIAL OF THEIR VIRTUES,

AND OF

HIS AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE.

Mr. John Lowell, Jr., the son of Francis C. Lowell, Esq., who is still freshly remembered amongst us, as one of those who have reflected high honor on the character of the "American merchant," was also the grandson of the late Judge Lowell, whose father, the Rev. John Lowell, was the first minister at Newburyport. He "was among those," says Mr. Everett, "who enjoyed the public trust and confidence in the times which tried men's souls, and bore his part in the greatest work recorded in the annals of constitutional liberty—the American Revolution."

Mr. John Lowell, Jr., was born on the 11th of May, 1799, and was indebted both to his own country and to England, for the diversified education he received. In early life, he had accompanied his father in extensive travels; and he seems to have explored thoroughly the most interesting sections of the Old World. The renowned East had charms for his young ambition, and excited many enterprising plans for future research and discovery.

After the occurrence, in 1830–31, of the afflictive domestic events to which we have before referred, Mr. Lowell's love of foreign travel revived; and he quitted his native land in 1832, with the intention of spending some years abroad. He first visited Great Britain, France, Central and Southern Europe, and then crossed from Smyrna to Alexandria. That section of the East, celebrated as the "land of the Pharaohs," the primitive cradle of the early arts, possessed peculiar charms for his inquiring mind;—but his travels in that country proved fatal to his health. Disease assailed him; and an illness occasioned by exposure and fatigue on his tour through the East, terminated his valuable life at Bombay, where a simple monument marks his resting-place. Had he lived, it was his intention to have himself erected

the monument at Mount Auburn; but, unfortunately, he left no design for such a structure, and it thus became the duty of others, faithfully to carry out his wishes.

We have spoken of Mr. Lowell as *the founder of the "Lowell Institute;"* and it was in Egypt that he devised the establishment which bears his name, and bequeathed the munificent sum of $250,000 to carry his desires into execution. The object of this splendid bequest, was the "maintenance and support of public lectures, to be delivered in Boston, upon philosophy, natural history, the arts and sciences, or any of them, as the trustee shall, from time to time, deem expedient for the promotion of the moral, and intellectual, and physical instruction or education of the citizens of Boston." A codicil to this will gives directions for the furtherance of his design, as follows:—

"As the most certain and the most important part of true philosophy, appears to me to be that which shows the connection between God's revelations, and the knowledge of good and evil implanted by him in our nature, I wish a course of lectures to be given on natural religion, showing its conformity to that of our Saviour."

"For the more perfect demonstration of the truth of those moral and religious precepts, by which alone, as I believe, men can be secure of happiness in this world and that to come, I wish a course of lectures to be delivered on the historical and internal evidences in favor of Christianity. I wish all disputed points of faith and ceremony to be avoided; and the attention of the lecturers to be directed to the moral doctrines of the gospel,—stating their opinion, if they will, but not engaging in controversy, even on the subject of the penalty of disobedience."

"As the prosperity of my native land, New England, which is sterile

and unproductive, must depend hereafter, as it has heretofore depended, first, on the moral qualities, and, second, on the intelligence and information of its inhabitants, I am desirous of trying to contribute towards this second object also; and I wish courses of lectures to be established on physics and chemistry, with their application to the arts; also, on botany, zoology, geology, and mineralogy, connected with their particular utility to man."

"After the establishment of these courses of lectures, should disposable funds remain, or, in process of time, be accumulated, the trustee may appoint courses of lectures to be delivered on the literature and eloquence of our language, and even on those of foreign nations, if he see fit. He may also, from time to time, establish lectures on any subject that, in his opinion, the wants and tastes of the age may demand."

"As infidel opinions appear to me injurious to society, and easily to insinuate themselves into a man's dissertations on any subject, however remote from religion, no man ought to be appointed a lecturer, who is not willing to declare, and who does not previously declare, his belief in the divine revelation of the Old and New Testaments, leaving the interpretation thereof to his own conscience."

The above extract from that part of Mr. Lowell's will which relates to this prominent bequest, at once develops his whole character as a Christian, a philanthropist, and a scholar, and reflects more honor upon him than whole volumes of biography.

The first lecture of the Lowell Institute was delivered in the Boston *Odeon*, (formerly the Federal-street Theatre,) on the 31st of December, 1839. It was an introductory lecture,—being very properly a memoir of its founder,—and was delivered by the Hon. Edward Ev-

erett. From that time to the present, the will of the testator has been strictly carried out. Five courses of lectures have been delivered on Natural Religion; four, on the Evidences of Christianity; five, on Geology; four, on Botany; three, on Astronomy; and three, on Chemistry: one course has been given upon Electricity and Electro-magnetism; one course, on Comparative Anatomy; one course, on the Mechanical Laws of Matter; one course, on American History; one course, on Ancient Egypt; one course, on Optics; one course, on Architecture; one course, on the Military Art; one course, on the Plan of Creation, as shown in the Animal Kingdom; and one course, on the Life and Writings of Milton. Each course has consisted of twelve lectures; and these have been given in the evening, whilst the majority have been repeated in the afternoon, for the better accommodation of the public,—tickets being issued for separate courses. The whole number of tickets issued up to the present time, has been 162,309; whilst the number of those who have applied for them has been 198,658. The whole number of lectures has been 370.

And now, in view of these brief statistics, will it be presumptuous to ask,—Who can tell or foresee the consequences of these gratuitous lectures? *One* fact, illustrated and proved in science, philosophy, religion, or letters, may excite a curiosity and spirit of investigation, which shall arouse dormant intellect, and add another to the proud list of the world's benefactors. The spirit of investigation—that prying curiosity which spurs man on to energetic action, or involves him in deep and studious contemplation—has perhaps bestowed more benefits on mankind, than the most brilliant gifts of genius. How little did the Pharsalian rustic, when he detected the electric power of amber, think that the little spark which he produced from it, was, in every

respect but intensity, the same power which cleft the oak that overshadowed him; and he who first noted the phenomena of the loadstone, how little did he anticipate the consequences of the discovery! Hundreds of philosophers had passed by, unheeded, the hints of two obscure men respecting the motion of the earth,—but the investigating spirit of Copernicus found in them the germs of his immortality.

It is thus that we are indebted to patient research, for so much that conduces to knowledge and comfort. But Curiosity must be first excited; and where is that lever to be applied, that spirit roused, with so much hope of the future, as in the lecture-room of the Lowell Institute?—an establishment which can afford amply to remunerate the most profound of our scientific men, the most competent of our theologians and men of letters,—where so many minds, of such variety, capacity, and proclivity, are brought together, "without money and without price," to learn truths in morals, the arts, science, and natural philosophy. *Curiosity* once excited, who shall declare the limit of its researches? In the language of that great projector, who pointed the wealth of a vast and once almost inaccessible region, into the bosom of the powerful commercial mart of the north, and who well knew the omnipotence of knowledge,—"It feels no danger, it spares no expense, it omits no exertion. It scales the mountain—looks into the volcano—dives into the ocean—perforates the earth—wings its flight into the skies—enriches the globe—explores sea and land—contemplates the distant—examines the minute—comprehends the great—ascends to the sublime. No place is too remote for its grasp; no heavens too exalted for its research." It was this noble curiosity which held the torch that lighted Newton through the skies; and it is the same spirit that has unlocked the caskets which contained so many

secrets in mechanics—facilitating the progress of so many useful arts, and reducing to practical reality so many theories that would, less than a century ago, have been pronounced the dreams of delirium,—the application of steam-power, and the practicability of the magnetic telegraph, being the latest examples. "Knowledge is power;" and, although the paths which lead to it may be rough and troublesome, they lead us to pure fountains and healthful eminences. He whose munificence, in 1839, enabled the citizens of Boston to avail themselves of a lecture-room, where they might not only gain knowledge, but become avaricious of *more*, may emphatically be called one of the world's benefactors. By his philanthropic will, as we have shown, he not only pointed out a way of gaining pure scientific knowledge, but he expressly declared, also, that some portion of the lecture season should be devoted to the dispensing of religious truths—those ennobling doctrines which bind man to man, and man to his Creator. He did not forget the paramount importance of moral excellence; and he left a fortune to insure the labor of the good of after years, in giving the great principles of the Gospel fixedness in the heart of man, and a greater range to high moral feelings.

In the eloquent language of Edward Everett, therefore, "let the foundation of Mr. Lowell stand on the principles prescribed by him; let the fidelity with which it is now administered, continue to direct it; and no language is emphatic enough to do full justice to its importance. It will be, from generation to generation, a perennial source of public good—a dispensation of sound science, of useful knowledge, of truth in its most important associations with the destiny of man."

THE MONUMENT

TO

NOAH WORCESTER.

"Our birth is but a starting-place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal:
There all our steps at last are brought;
That path alone of all unsought,
Is found of all."

[*Translation from Manrique.*

We love to wander through a cemetery. Every monument that we pass calls up a recollection; the heart dilates and the mind expands, as reflection pursues her way, and whilst judgment sums up the value of a moral, well-directed life. It was nearing sunset when, in our meditations at Mount Auburn, we passed the grave of Worcester—the exemplary divine—the friend of humanity! The hour itself mellowed our thoughts, as we trod upon the greensward which covered the venerable dead; and the quiet of all things around us seemed peculiarly appropriate to our happy recollections of this "friend of peace." Above us, the beautiful clouds, just tinged with the glow of

sunset, appeared to be as soft and lovely as the memories of those who had departed life in serenity and hope; and, in the language of an eloquent writer, "the gorgeous pile of clouds towards which they were moving, seemed to teach us that sorrow for the loss of those we loved, should be swallowed up in the bright hope of a reunion; the changing clouds, now purple and now crimson, appeared as if mocking at the works of mortal hands; but the calm serenity of the east, from which all clouds had passed away, seemed as if preparing for a brighter and a purer dawn. As all those vapors crowding to the west, increased the glory of the sunset hour, so trials sustained, and temptations overcome, add lustre to the departure of the pious,—even the shadows deepening around, speak of peace and calm, and please rather than chill the sensibilities."

Noah Worcester had his trials; but he passed through them as "gold through the refiner's fire." Neither poverty nor illness checked his efforts for self-improvement, or the elevation of his kind; his devotion to the good of humanity and the cause of freedom was, like that of the great Channing, both high and holy; and he died, as he had lived, the "friend of peace," receiving the reverence and praises of mankind, and the gratitude of the ministry amongst whom he was a brother and a friend. "Beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings—that publisheth peace." With a full conviction of the purity and truth of the quotation, he sought to do his part in proclaiming the propriety of that peace which is the opposite of war; and beautiful were *his* footsteps, as he walked in his self-appointed path, humbly showing forth the philosophy of his simple doctrines.

And who would not muse near such a monument? The changes

and chances of human life are strongly and curiously woven together in the career of Noah Worcester; and we cannot go over his biography, without seeing that the web of life is indeed a mingled tissue. At the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, and when a lad of about seventeen, he joined the army as a fifer. Afterwards, (in 1777,) he became fife-major, maintaining this latter office for two months; and then, disgusted with warlike service, he quitted the camp to teach a village school—very inadequately prepared, however, for such a duty. At this time, he was deficient in the art of writing, and had never seen a dictionary. Both in writing and spelling, he was compelled to educate himself, and he did this effectually; although, like so many before and since his time, he had fallen in love, and had determined on matrimony. At the age of twenty-one, he had married an interesting and capable girl, and had "settled himself down," as he thought, as a small farmer in Plymouth, N. H. Thus far, his life hardly promised any great results; and his education certainly forbade any expectations of the works which followed. He had a pious mind, however, and a firm religious belief,—that which Sir Humphrey Davy has called the "greatest of earthly blessings." It was this which made his life "a discipline of goodness; created new hopes when all other hopes vanished; and called up beauty and divinity from corruption and decay."

In 1782, he was a resident of the town of Thornton, where, to support his increasing family, he worked at the lapstone, and cogitated upon those doctrines of faith, which afterwards led him to write down his thoughts—to print and publish. In 1786, he had been examined for the ministry; and was speedily ordained over a church in Thornton, having previously served in many public trusts,—been schoolmas-

ter, selectman, town-clerk, justice of the peace, and representative to the general court. For twenty-three years he continued rector of this church, studying to improve himself all the while in useful knowledge, and giving deep attention to the examination of theological points.

He always read and studied with his pen in hand; and was enabled in this way to preserve many valuable original observations and deductions, and to stamp in his memory whatever was worth being preserved in its archives. He was the first missionary of New Hampshire—in himself a beloved auxiliary of the gospel cause, and a faithful teacher throughout all the northern towns of that state. In 1809, we find him rector of a church in Salisbury, N. H.—a town now famed as the birthplace of Daniel Webster, and where Mr. Worcester expounded his own views of Christianity as fearlessly and nobly, as that great statesman has defended the Constitution of his country at Washington. And now he began to be known to the world, and to take his place in theological history. Being brought up a Calvinist, he changed his views from conviction of error; he wrote a publication showing his reasons of disbelief in the doctrine of the Trinity; and afterwards published his "Letters to Trinitarians," "a work," says the lamented Channing, "breathing the very spirit of the Saviour, and intended to teach, that diversities of opinions on subjects the most mysterious and perplexing, ought not to sever friends, to dissolve the Christian tie, or to divide the church." From this moment, the intellectual life of this good man assumes an intense interest; he was developing more and more the action of a devout and inquisitive mind, and amiably and manfully striving to avoid that dangerous quicksand—the arrogance of sectarianism.

Dr. Ware says of him, that "with the profound consciousness of truth, he came out from his anxiety, his studies, his controversies, and his sorrows, with a liberality as wide as Christendom, and a modesty as gentle as his love of truth was strong." But now he was to assume other duties; and, at the instigation of his friends, the late Drs. Channing, Tuckerman, and Thacher, and the present Dr. Lowell, he removed to Brighton, Mass., in 1813, and commenced editing a new religious periodical, entitled "The Christian Disciple." He gathered around him here, a delightful circle of friends, and realized in them the true enjoyment of high culture and elevated purpose. This work was the advocate of Christian liberty and charity, and has now become merged in that well-sustained Unitarian periodical, the "Christian Examiner." His thoughts became more and more devoted to the cause of freedom; and he sought to analyze the subject of War, whether as opposed to, or agreeing with, the doctrines of the Scriptures. The following passage explains his views upon this great theme, as interesting to us *now*, as it could possibly have been at the time of writing:

"I can say with the greatest truth, that I am unacquainted with any errors which have been adopted by any sect of Christians, which appear to me more evidential of a depraved heart, than those which sanction war, and dispose men to glory in slaughtering one another. If a man, apparently of good character, avows a belief that human infants are not by nature totally sinful, there are a multitude of churches who would refuse to admit him to their fellowship. Yet another man, who believes in the doctrine of total sinfulness by nature, may perhaps be admitted to their communion, with his hands reeking with the blood of many brethren, whom he has wantonly

slain in the games of war, and this, too, while he justifies those fashionable murders!" Following out these principles, he "gave vent to his whole soul," says Dr. Ware, "in that remarkable tract, *A Solemn Review of the Custom of War*,—one of the most successful and efficient pamphlets of any period." The publication of this production was followed by the formation of the Massachusetts Peace Society, and by the commencement of a quarterly issue, called "The Friend of Peace." This he continued for ten years, being almost its only contributor,—but so managing to vary the illustrations of his subjects, as to make the articles appear as if written by different individuals—a tact as uncommon as admirable, and most abundantly proving both the ardent zeal which he brought to the subject, and the great versatility of his powers of thought.

He was in heart and deed a philanthropist. The subject of *slavery* occupied his mind, in connection with other topics immediately concerning the good of humanity; but his last days were devoted especially to religious investigations, and he prepared two theological works. The "Atonement" was the subject of one, and "Human Depravity" of the other. He wrote diffusely, but yet with clearness; and in the resources of his thoughtful mind, he found the material for happy occupation. Dr. Channing, in his remarks upon the life and character of Dr. Worcester, has said: "I am always happy to express my obligations to the benefactors of my mind; and I owe it to Dr. Worcester to say, that my acquaintance with him gave me clearer comprehension of the spirit of Christ, and of the dignity of a man."

Physical suffering exhausted this venerable man towards the close of life; but it had the effect to call forth those bright traits of his

CENTRAL SQUARE.

"Mighty shades,
Waving their gorgeous tracery o'er the head,
With the light melting through their high arcades,
As through a pillar'd cloister's."

[Mrs. Hemans.

The ground represented in the engraving, and denominated "Central Square," was originally reserved as a situation for some future public monument. It is an excellent position for such design. Various shady avenues open from this square; and its immediate neighborhood seems to have been chosen by many individuals, as the site for their last resting-place. At present, the most conspicuous monument near the square, is that erected to the memory of Miss Hannah Adams, who was not only a remarkably gifted woman, but was *the first person buried in Mount Auburn.* In the words of the poet, we may well say of this truly estimable individual, that,

"Dear to the good, she died lamented."

Miss Adams had passed through life, indulging an intimate acquaintance with nature; and the grove, the stream, the rock, the mountain-fastness—flowers, trees, and shrubs—each had their charms for one whose mind continually fostered an indwelling spirit of beauty. Reverence for all things which were "true, honest, and of good report," being a part of her character, she necessarily cherished a delight in the true and the beautiful; whilst her propensity was to magnify the Creator of "every good and perfect gift," rather than to dwell upon the imperfections and weakness of finite man. It seemed meet, therefore, that when she was called to yield up her existence, she should be buried on the breezy hill, among the wild flowers she had loved, and amidst a scene like some of those around her village home, where she had so often "drunk in the melody which the song-bird scatters," and filled her soul to overflowing with lofty communings.

Miss Adams was a remarkable woman in this country, for the time in which she lived; and her intellect alone would have entitled her to respect and veneration anywhere. She was almost entirely a self-cultivated person. In her youth, there were few advantages for female education; and she deeply regretted the want she had felt of a proper and systematic intellectual training, through the means of such seminaries of learning as were afterwards established for the progress of her sex. She has left an example, however, of what a strong and well-directed mind can accomplish, by assiduity and discipline, in despite of the accidental circumstances of time. In piety and virtue, faith and truth, she may well be an honorable pattern for the female youth of any generation.

Miss Adams was born in Medfield, Mass., in 1755, and died in Brookline, Mass., in 1831—being seventy-six years old. She was the

author of several valuable contributions to the literature of the period in which she wrote, amongst which are her "Views of Religion," first published in 1784; "A History of New England," printed in 1799; "The Truth and Excellence of the Christian Religion," published in 1804; and her celebrated "History of the Jews," completed in 1812. The difficulties which beset her path as an author, are such as are common in the lives of writers, both before and since her day. Her inexperience in the "ways and means" of publishers; her modesty and want of self-reliance, combined with her straitened circumstances, rendered her, in various instances, the dupe of individuals whom she employed as printers. She knew not *how to make her bargains;* and it was not until she came to Boston, and was made acquainted with the late reverend and venerable Dr. Freeman, of King's Chapel, that she felt she had a friend to assist her properly in the business of publication. She should, in justice, have realized a handsome sum from the sale of the above-named works; but though they sold well, she had the toil of preparation and research, without receiving more than a paltry stipend, barely sufficient to supply her pressing necessities. In arranging with her publisher about her "Views of Religion," after procuring, herself, more than four hundred subscribers, all the compensation she was able to obtain, was only fifty books; and for these she was left to find a sale, after the printer had received the whole of the subscription money. Nevertheless, her spirits retained their elastic power through the many struggles she was compelled to make, and whilst laboring with feeble health, and an impaired eyesight.

The father of Miss Adams, although in easy circumstances at the time of her birth, afterwards met with pecuniary reverses, from which he never recovered; and as the clouds of adversity thickened, she felt

necessitated, in early years, to resort to various humble ways to obtain the means of subsistence. During the Revolutionary war, making lace, spinning, weaving, braiding straw, keeping school, were all tried in aid of her support; and at the close of the war, when most of these resources, owing to contingent circumstances, became unavailing, she thought of her notes on religion and literature, (made in the interim of other avocations,) and she determined to enlarge them into books, —though she has been heard to say, that weaving lace with bobbins, was more profitable during the war, than writing books was afterwards. "It was *desperation*," to use her own language, "and not *vanity*, that induced me to publish."

She was indebted to the very fact of her father's misfortunes, for that love of books which, aided by an inquiring mind, has served to make her, at this day, so much the worthy object of eulogy and remembrance. Her father at one time embarked in the business of a country trader; his store was an "omnium gatherum" of English and West India goods, drugs, and books. Fond of reading himself, he naturally directed the minds of his children to those unfailing sources of pleasure, profit, and recreation, which good books afford; he amassed quite a library for those times, and the volumes which were left upon his hands, after his failure in business, became the best boon which was afforded to his daughter. She often expressed her regret that she had read too much light literature; though it may be doubted, we think, whether a mind naturally of so sober and practical a character as was that of Miss Adams, was not benefited by the fancy reading in which she at one time indulged. It may have brightened her imagination, aided by her natural good sense, and it may have imparted to a sombre cast of thought, something that may have been

wanted of spirit and beauty. Her readings of the poets, certainly, were ever a source of happiness to her; and when she enjoyed nature, it was much in the same spirit with Thomson and Cowper. "She culled the flowers, before she examined the forest-trees of literature."

In the large and valuable libraries of her zealous young friend, the lamented Buckminster, and of her venerable admirer, President Adams of Quincy, she gathered much knowledge, which, to her appreciating intellect, we doubt not, was "more precious than rubies." She knew, as Milton has expressed it, that "books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as the soul was, whose progeny they are—that they preserved, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them." She *felt* that "a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." She herself wrote nothing that, "dying, she would wish to blot;" and although her works are not of great profundity, they were essentially useful at the time she wrote; and even in these days, are worthy of reference.

In about 1804–5, she removed to Boston, when, at the instance of some female friends, aided by several highly respectable gentlemen, a life annuity was obtained for her, with which, and frequent acceptable presents from benevolent persons who appreciated her talents, and to whom she was much endeared for her unpretending deportment, gentleness, and modesty, she was enabled to pass the last days of her life in ease and comfort.

Miss Adams was a competent scholar in Greek and Latin, in which branches of a learned education she fitted several young men for college although, when she commenced the pursuit of the dead lan-

guages, the world around her was inclined to laugh at her aspirations. She said herself, that she felt "as if she were drawing upon herself the ridicule of society!" Happily for us, those days are past. Though scarce a century has elapsed since the birth of Miss Adams, the necessity for cultivated female *teachers* is everywhere acknowledged; nay, female education of a high order cannot be dispensed with; the culture of the mind is a positive *demand*. Every *mother* ought to be an intellectual and spiritual woman, that she may be able to encourage the development of the highest capacities of her children, and incite them to wisdom and virtue.

Revered as a friend, honored for her integrity, admired for her varied acquisitions, respected for her piety, and cherished for the union of all these attributes of a pure and elevated character, Miss Adams passed to her final rest, receiving kindly sympathy and fostering care. She breathed her last in a pleasant house in Brookline, whither she had been removed, that she might enjoy the beauties of rural scenery, which she had ever loved, and have the advantage of sun and prospect. She had fully experienced, in her long life, the evanescent nature of all earthly enjoyments; and she "fell asleep," finally, realizing that her soul's helper was the Omnipotent, and her best defence, the Rock of Ages.

Her friends raised, by subscription, the monument to her memory, which bears the following inscription:

TO

HANNAH ADAMS,

HISTORIAN OF THE JEWS,

AND

REVIEWER OF THE CHRISTIAN SECTS,

This Monument is erected,

BY

HER FEMALE FRIENDS.

FIRST TENANT

OF

MT. AUBURN:

SHE DIED DECEMBER 15, 1831,

AGED 76.

HARVARD HILL.

"His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face:
Nothing reserved or sullen was to see,
But sweet regards and pleasing sanctity;
Mild was his accent, and his action free.
With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;
Though harsh the precept, yet the preacher charm'd.
For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky.
He bore his great commission in his look,
But sweetly temper'd awe, and soften'd all he spoke."

Amidst our meditative wanderings over Mount Auburn, we find that the same "consecrated mould" contains not only some of the greatest of our country's lawgivers, but some of the most eloquent of her divines,—men whose industry and genius have elevated them to conspicuous public stations. We have pondered, in the lowly vale, over the tomb of Story—and now we pass to the gentle eminence upon which is erected the monument to the memory of Kirkland—the urbane gentleman—the brilliant scholar—the gifted preacher—the profound moralist,—the late President of Harvard College.

The spot where rest the remains of President Kirkland, has been appropriately designated as "*Harvard Hill;*" being a purchase by the

Little Falls, on the Mohawk river, on the 17th of August, 1770. He was the son of the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, who devoted himself, with great energy and courage, to the work of a missionary to the Indians. His mother was an exemplary woman of good gifts intellectually, and one who thought it no hardship to repair, with her devoted husband, immediately upon her union, to an unfinished log-hut in the heart of an Indian village. She knew the perils to which they were liable; but she encouraged a great hope for the success of her husband's labors,—and she was partly rewarded for her wife-like courage by receiving, in November, 1772, a considerate donation of fifty pounds sterling, from the society in Scotland for promoting Christian knowledge, to purchase a comfortable residence.

"It is a singular and interesting fact," says Dr. Young, in his sermon on the death of Dr. Kirkland, "as well as a beautiful illustration of the spirit of American society, and of the practical working of our free institutions, that the son of a poor missionary on the outskirts of civilization, born in a log-cabin, nurtured in infancy among the savages, and bred in childhood in a frontier village, with no advantages of fortune, and little aid from friends, rose, by the force of talent and merit alone, to the head of the first literary institution in our land. Such a fact as this is full of encouragement to the high-spirited and ambitious young men of our country. It shows them that the path of literary as well as political distinction is open to all, and that talent, effort, and moral worth are sure to be valued and rewarded."

When the troubles of the war arose, it was not deemed safe for Mrs. Kirkland to remain amongst the Indians, especially as it was not known which side they would take in the conflict. The money from Scotland purchased, therefore, a small farm in Stockbridge, Mass.,

whither this excellent wife and mother repaired, and where her son John Thornton remained till he was sent to Andover, having previously received from her the rudiments of his education. He remained here two years, when, with the patronage of a liberal friend, aided by his own exertions in keeping a school, he was admitted into Harvard University in 1786.

In his Junior year, the famous Shay's Rebellion broke out; and, possessing a spirit of patriotism, and perhaps some love of adventure, he availed himself of a winter vacation to join the little band under Gen. Lincoln, formed for the purpose of quelling the insurrection. He performed his part as a soldier manfully; and when the object of the struggle was honorably accomplished, he once more returned to the peaceful groves of Academus, and to the renewal of those studies which his principles of true patriotism had interrupted.

Upon leaving the University, he became, for a brief period, an assistant in the Andover Academy. He was elected, subsequently, Tutor of Metaphysics in Harvard College; and whilst engaged in this capacity, he embraced *Divinity* as his chosen profession, and zealously pursued his theological studies, until he was invited to become the pastor of the New South Church, upon the resignation of the Rev. Oliver Everett. On the 5th of February, 1794, he received ordination, and commenced a ministry which beautifully exemplified a knowledge of human nature and of Christian divinity,—a ministry which all who remember it, acknowledge as having exercised an important influence upon the minds not only of his own people, but upon those of a large portion of the community. "From 1794 to 1810—a pregnant period in our history—he exercised," says Dr. Young, "a moral control which can hardly be conceived of by those who did not

live at that period, and who are not acquainted with the feverish and agitated state of the public mind that then existed, growing out of the peculiar state of the times. The minds of men needed to be instructed and tranquillized, and to be confirmed in the great fundamental principles of religion and morals. Dr. Kirkland addressed himself to this work with singular discretion and judgment, and by his words of truth and soberness, in the pulpit and out of it, rendered a service to this community, which can now be hardly understood or estimated, but which ought never to be forgotten."

In *ethics*, Dr. Kirkland particularly excelled; he had acquired a knowledge of the human heart which well prepared him for the work of a rigid moralist; he made no parade of this intuitive knowledge of humanity—but it appeared continually in his life and in his writings; he would enforce a great truth with a power of rhetoric at once convincing and brilliant, and he would deal with facts with a logic so consummate, as absolutely to conceal the *logician* in the speaker of well-pointed truths. Spontaneity was a great element in his thinking and speaking. He seemed ever to express himself impromptu. "His conversation," says a reverend brother, "was a succession of aphorisms, maxims, general remarks: his preaching was of the same character with his conversation." It is related of Dr. Kirkland, that it was not uncommon with him to take into the pulpit half a dozen sermons or more, and whilst turning rapidly over their pages, to construct from the whole a new sermon as he went along,—doing this extemporaneously, but with an impressive power, possessed by few if any in the same profession. Some persons have attributed this habit to indolence, and to procrastination in preparing a regular sermon on the week days. None found fault, however, with the instruction rendered

in this remarkable manner; on the contrary, it has been said of him that he "put more thought into one sermon, than other clergymen did into five."

Urbanity was a prominent characteristic of the deportment of Dr. Kirkland, and to this may chiefly be attributed the power which he had of gaining the love of all who knew him; his kindness of heart was as an inner sun, which irradiated a countenance expressive of all benignant emotions: he looked to be what he was emphatically—a good man and a Christian. "Both as a preacher and pastor," says Dr. Young, "by his whole spirit and bearing, he made religion lovely and attractive, particularly to the intelligent, the refined, and the young. He stripped it of its stiff and formal costume, its gloomy and forbidding look, and its austere and repellent manners. He taught men by his conversation and deportment, quite as much as by his preaching—confirming and illustrating the beautiful remark of Hooker, that 'the life of a pious clergyman is visible rhetoric.'"

Dr. Kirkland was chosen President of Harvard College on the death of its esteemed head, Dr. Webber. He was elected by the corporation of the University, in August, 1810; the election was confirmed by the board of overseers during the same month,—but, owing to his own modest distrust of his capacity for such a position, his answer of acceptance was delayed until the following October. He was inducted into office on the 14th of the ensuing November.

"The presidency of Dr. Kirkland," says one of his most careful eulogists, "was the Augustan age of Harvard College." This certainly is high encomium; but to prove its justice, we may be permitted to quote the remarks of his immediate successor in office, the venerable

ex-president Josiah Quincy, who, in his copious "History of Harvard University," says that "the early period of the administration of President Kirkland was pre-eminently distinguished for bold, original, and successful endeavors to elevate the standard of education in the University, and to extend the means of instruction, and multiply accommodations in every department. Holworthy Hall, University Hall, Divinity Hall, and the Medical College, in Boston, were erected. Liberal expenditures were incurred for furnishing University Hall, and for repairs and alterations in the other departments. The library, the chemical, philosophical, and anatomical apparatus of the University, and the mineralogical cabinet, were enlarged, and rooms for the lectures of the medical professors were fitted up in Holden Chapel. The grounds surrounding the college edifices, were planted with ornamental trees and shrubberies; the salaries of the president and professors were satisfactorily raised; and as professorships became vacant, they were filled with young men of talent and promise. * * * The external indications of prosperity and success were general, manifest, and applauded.

"The extraordinary enlargement of the means, and advancement of the interests of learning in the University during this period, are to be attributed to the fortunate influx of the liberal patronage of individuals and the legislature; to the spirit of an age of improvement; but most of all, to the eminent men who then composed the corporation, and brought into it a weight of talent, personal character, and external influence, combined with an active zeal for the advancement of the institution, previously unparalleled—and who, placing an almost unlimited confidence in its president, vested him with unprecedented powers in the management of its affairs, which he exercised in a manner

liberal and trustful of public support. This confidence was not only known and avowed, but is distinctly apparent on the records of the college, and had, unquestionably, a material influence on the measures and results of that administration."

President Quincy very justly alludes, in the foregoing, to "the eminent men" who composed the corporation of the college at the time of which we are writing; and it may be well, in this connection, to refresh the mind of the reader, by enumerating the names, amongst the laity, of the Hon. John Davis, Oliver Wendell, Theophilus Parsons, John Lowell, John Phillips, Christopher Gore, Wm. Prescott, Harrison Gray Otis, Charles Jackson, Joseph Story, Nathaniel Bowditch, and Francis C. Gray,—amongst the clergy, of the Rev. John Eliot, William Ellery Channing, Samuel C. Thacher, John Lathrop, Charles Lowell, and Eliphalet Porter.

Not less distinguished was the college at this time, for its bright array of professors and tutors,—amongst whom we may mention the names of Frisbie, Farrar, Norton, Hedge, Everett, Ticknor, Popkin, Bigelow, Sparks, Bancroft, Cogswell, and Follen. Two of these individuals have received the honor of being sent ambassador to the court of St. James; and one of the two is now the third successor to Dr. Kirkland in the presidency of Harvard University.

In writing of the public career of President Kirkland, and of his many estimable traits of character, as a man and a Christian, the *generosity* of his disposition should not be passed over. He was the friend of temperance and moral reform—a man of an expansive benevolence of thought, and of a generous charity. "Many a young man," says Dr. Young, "was prevented from leaving college with his education unfinished, by the timely and generous charity which he

imparted. Whilst Dr. Kirkland had a dollar in his pocket, it was ever at the command of the poor Cambridge scholar."

Dr. Kirkland retained his position at the head of the college for a period of eighteen years, when, owing to his declining health, he sent in his resignation of the high duties of the presidency, on the 28th of March, 1828. With evident regret the corporation accepted his resignation; and the students manifested their affectionate and respectful feelings towards him, by a costly present of silver plate. He embarked for Europe in 1829, and was three years absent, travelling over that continent, and parts of Asia and Africa. He returned home in 1832; but his strength was broken by paralysis, and he passed away from earth in the spring of 1840—having ever been one to whom might well be applied the words of the prophet Daniel: "light, and understanding, and wisdom, and knowledge, and an excellent spirit, were found in him."

THE APPLETON MONUMENT.

"A lovely temple! such as shone
Upon thy classic mounts, fair Greece!
For which thy kings exchanged their throne,
War's stirring field, for the grave's peace."

[McLellan.

A Grecian temple in miniature of fine Italian marble, most correctly represented in the engraving, marks the burial-place belonging to Samuel Appleton, Esq., of Boston. It is surmounted by funereal lamps, and has appropriate devices on its façade—the whole exquisitely wrought by the Italian artists. This monument is in Woodbine Path, and has been erected by a gentleman conspicuous for his wealth, hospitality, and benevolence. Mr. Samuel Appleton is the oldest of a family in Boston, whose position, influence, and liberality have rendered them eminently distinguished in Massachusetts.

The monument which he has erected is one of the most costly in Mount Auburn, and is usually inquired for by strangers visiting the place. Its situation in the midst of a dense grove of evergreens, is highly picturesque.

THE MONUMENT

TO

JOHN HOOKER ASHMUN.

"And there are some names even in Sardis, which have not defiled their garments. And they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."

[*New Testament.*

We have already mentioned the name of a distinguished scholar—one of the professors formerly connected with the University—whose remains repose near the sculptured sarcophagus of President Kirkland. How well the name of John Hooker Ashmun has been honored—how truly his scholarship and character of mind have been appreciated and valued, will appear from the remarkable inscription on his monument—a model as it is of condensation,—containing almost a biography in an epitaph. Charles Chauncy Emerson is the author of the following inscription, pronounced, by common consent, one of the best in Mount Auburn:—

Here lies the Body of

JOHN HOOKER ASHMUN,

ROYALL PROFESSOR OF LAW IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY:

Who was born July 3, 1800,

And died April 1, 1833.

In him the Science of Law appeared native and intuitive:

He went behind Precedents to Principles; and Books were his helpers, never his masters:

There was the beauty of Accuracy in his Understanding,

And the beauty of Uprightness in his Character.

Through the slow progress of the Disease which consumed his Life,

He kept unimpaired his Kindness of Temper, and Superiority of Intellect;

He did more, sick, than others, in health;

He was fit to Teach, at an age when common men are beginning to Learn;

And his few years bore the fruit of long life.

A lover of Truth, an obeyer of Duty, a sincere Friend, and a wise Instructor,

HIS PUPILS

RAISE THIS STONE TO HIS MEMORY.

The father of Professor Ashmun—Eli P. Ashmun, Esq., of Northampton—was a man of distinguished talents as a lawyer and statesman, and the intellectual gifts of his children appear to have been their natural heritage. John Hooker Ashmun was not thirty years of age when he received the appointment to the Royall Professorship, as the successor of Chief Justice Parker; and though he was young in

years, the nomination was universally hailed with applause; no envious voice arose to dispute his claims to such distinction; the wise rejoiced in the appointment, and the students exulted in the choice of so competent an instructor. President Quincy, in his "History of Harvard College," thus alludes to this appointment:—"Never were honors more worthily bestowed, or the duties of a professor's chair more faithfully fulfilled. His learning was deep, various, and accurate, and his method of instruction searching and exact. Few men have impressed upon the memories of their friends, a livelier sense of excellence and unsullied virtue. Fewer have left behind them a character so significant in its outlines, and so well fitted to sustain an enduring fame." Professor Ashmun was not destined, however, to live to heighten his fame. In less than four years from his acceptance of the professorship, his career as a dispenser of legal instruction was terminated by death. He quietly met his euthanasia, on the morning of April 1st, 1833, just as the bright glow of the early day streamed into his chamber, a fitting type of his own clear intellect, the diffusive light of which, like that of the risen sun illuminating the home of genius, had enlightened so many minds in the noble science of jurisprudence.

In a discourse pronounced by the late Judge Story, before the fellows and faculty of Harvard University, on the death of Professor Ashmun, April 5th, 1833, it is gratifying to note with what a simple eloquence the gifted speaker pronounced his eulogy upon the character of the departed. "Such as he was," he says, "we can bear him in our hearts, and on our lips, with a manly praise. We can hold him up as a fit example for youthful emulation and ambition; not dazzling but elevated; not stately, but solid; not ostentatious, but pure." Al-

luding to Mr. Ashmun's nomination to the Royall Professorship, Judge Story says:—"It was a spontaneous movement of the corporation itself, acting on its own responsibility, upon a deliberate review of his qualifications, and after the most searching inquiry into the solidity of his reputation." This tribute to his talents and ability is of the highest kind; and it remains but to add, that he had early gained his fame in the practice of legal science, by his brilliant success at the bar whilst a resident of Northampton, and by his association with Judge Howe in a law school in that flourishing town.

We cannot conclude this notice of one of the distinguished dead whose remains are interred beneath the shady eminence of Harvard Hill—that spot of thronging interests—without recalling, as a model for the youth of our community, the example of the student-life of the lamented Ashmun. Without any of the extrinsic graces of person or of oratory; without strength of voice; and without the health which gives so much success to professional labor, he possessed an earnestness and truth of manner, which made his hearers always regard him with the most profound attention. Again to quote the words of his distinguished eulogist, now, alas! called to meet his friend and young companion in a better world, "he convinced where others sought but to persuade; he bore along the court and the jury by the force of his argument; he grappled with their minds, and bound them down with those strong ligaments of the law, which may not be broken, and cannot be loosened. In short, he often obtained a triumph, where mere eloquence must have failed. His conscientious earnestness commanded confidence, and his powerful expostulations secured the passes to victory. Certain it is, that no man of his years was ever listened to with more undivided attention by the court and bar, or received

from them more unsolicited approbation. If, to the circumstances already alluded to, we add the fact of his deafness, his professional success seems truly remarkable. It is as proud an example of genius subduing to its own purposes, every obstacle opposed to its career, and working out its own lofty destiny, as could well be presented to the notice of ingenuous youth. It is as fine a demonstration as we could desire, of that great moral truth, that *man is far less what nature has originally made him, than what he chooses to make himself.*"

With this review of Professor Ashmun's brief career on earth, we think we have fully illustrated the truth of the remarkable epitaph on his monument—an elegant tribute, as the latter is, from one gifted mind, to the superior intelligence and manly character of another.

THE DEAD

OF

HARVARD HILL.

"Life hath its flowers,—and what are they?
The buds of early love and truth,
Which spring and wither in a day;
The gems of warm, confiding youth.
Alas! those buds decay and die,
Ere ripen'd and matured in bloom;
E'en in an hour behold them lie
Upon the still and lonely tomb."

[BROOKS.

"Yes, here they lie; the student-youth,—
The early honor'd dead;
Gone now with trust and holy truth,
To meet in Christ, their Head."

CLUSTERING around the graves of Kirkland and Ashmun, to the right and left of Harvard Hill, are monuments to many of the students in the University, and to some of their instructors and tutors. With each name there is a linked history of high hopes and natural aspirations—but they lived, died, and have been lamented. This is the lot of all with whom virtue and uprightness are the guides of earthly action, and "the proudest can boast of little more." They have a name and a tomb amongst those whom they would have been glad to

emulate, and they have passed away in the very summer of their beauty, teaching us, by the "seemingly untoward circumstances of their departure from this life, that they and we shall live forever."

Amongst the names recorded on these various monuments, we find those of Charles S. Wheeler and Samuel T. Hildreth, both instructors in the University; of Wm. H. Cowan, of the Law School; of Frederic A. Hoffman, of Baltimore; of John A. Terry, Ephraim C. Roby, Charles Ridgely Greenwood, Charles Sedgwick, of Lenox, Wm. Cranch Bond, John A. Emery, and Edward C. Mussey. Neat marble obelisks adorn these graves, erected, in many cases, by the classmates of the deceased, and bearing suitable inscriptions. Few can wander around the spot where repose these young "buds of promise," so quickly blasted, without a crowd of feelings, suggested by their early departure from a world, the bitterness of which they had never known, and any conflict with which they had never been called to meet. To say that we mourn their loss, would be improper; for, in the expressive words of an English poet,—

"'Mid thorns and snares *our* way we take,
And yet we mourn the blest!"

There is a better country, "even an heavenly," and there, we trust, the beatified spirits of the loved and early lost are commingling with "the just made perfect." Therefore, remembering the words of Solomon, that we "may praise the dead more than the living," we may well apply, in this connection, the remaining lines of the stanza·

"For those who throng the eternal throne,
Lost are the tears we shed;
They are the living, they alone,
Whom thus we call THE DEAD."

THE MONUMENT TO CHANNING.

"Some there are,
By their good works exalted; lofty minds
And meditative; authors of delight
And happiness, which to the end of time
Will live, and spread, and kindle. Even such minds
In childhood, from this solitary Being,
Or from like wanderer, haply have received
(A thing more precious far than all that books,
Or the solicitudes of love can do!)
That first mild touch of sympathy and thought,
In which they found their kindred with a world
Where want and sorrow were."

[WORDSWORTH.

In Yarrow Path, Mount Auburn, stands a monument of fine Italian marble. It is wrought from a design of the greatest of American painters—Washington Allston—and is erected to the memory of one of the most distinguished of American divines—WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

On one side of the sarcophagus is this inscription:—

Here rest the Remains of

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING,

Born 7th April, 1780,

at Newport, R. I.

Ordained June 1st, 1803,

As a Minister of Jesus Christ to the Society worshipping God

in Federal-st., Boston:

died 2d October, 1842,

while on a journey, at Bennington, Vermont.

On the other side are the following words:

In memory of

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING,

Honored throughout Christendom

For his eloquence and courage, in maintaining and advancing

The great cause of

Truth, Religion, and Human Freedom,

This Monument

Is gratefully and reverently erected,

By the Christian Society of which, during nearly forty years,

he was pastor.

The above inscription truly expresses the character of Dr. Channing, as a preacher and teacher of scripture truths, and with that one

expression, "*human freedom*," proclaims the great object for which he lived and labored.

Dr. Channing's ideal of a Christian minister was clear and lofty and during his whole life, he sought faithfully to be himself what he strove to delineate. "Like the man of genius," he stood forth as "the high priest of Divinity itself, before whom it befitted him to offer up not only the first fruits of his intellect, but the continued savor of a life high and pure, and in accordance with the love he taught." "*He needs no eulogy, whose life was full of truth*," says his friend and colleague, Dr. Gannett, whilst attempting to render a simple but emphatic tribute to his memory. Never were words more truly spoken, for Dr. Channing stood forth to the world as a devoted teacher of the beauty of holiness—the promoter of man's highest interests—a philanthropist in word and deed.

A native of Newport, R. I., Dr. Channing graduated at Harvard University in 1798, with the highest honors of the institution. After a year's sojourn at the south, he prepared himself for the ministry, and became so early distinguished for the style of his preaching, that he was immediately chosen pastor of the Federal-street Meeting-house, and ordained over a small society, which so rapidly increased under his pastoral care, that a new house of worship was erected in 1809. His health, which was always delicate, became so much impaired by his extraordinary mental exertions, that a voyage to England was undertaken by him in 1822; and upon his return in the ensuing year, an assistant minister was chosen, to aid him in his professional duties.

"From that time," says Dr. Gannett, in his funeral address, "he continued to officiate in the pulpit, with more or less frequency, as his

strength permitted, till 1840, when he requested the society to release him from all obligation of professional service, though he desired to retain the pastoral connection towards them. As his mind was relieved from the pressure of ministerial engagements, his attention was more given to the aspects which society, in its opinions, usages, and institutions, presents to the Christian philanthropist. He was led, by his interest in these subjects, to communicate to the public, at different times, his thoughts on questions of immediate urgency, involving high moral considerations; and he devoted a large part of his time to an examination of the light which Christianity throws upon practical ethics."

The world, however, was not to receive any long continuance of such valuable benefactions. Illness overpowered his vital energies, and he sunk to sleep in the October of 1842, just two months after the delivery of his singularly eloquent address in the cause of human freedom, on occasion of the anniversary of emancipation in the British West Indies. This address was spoken at Lenox, Mass.; and we see in it the very soul of Channing breathing out a fervor of love for his fellow-men, in a surpassingly eloquent appeal to those who stood around him—the "freemen of the mountains," as he impressively called them. Like the dying notes of the swan, which are said to be sweeter and sweeter as the bird passeth away, so this last address of the departed Channing, seems even more peculiar in its eloquence, more glowing in its philanthropy, more energetic in its tone, than the more common examples of his writings.

"I am a stranger among you," he said to them, "but when I look round, I feel as if the subject of this address peculiarly befitted this spot. Where am I now pleading the cause and speaking the praises

of liberty? Not in crowded cities, where, amidst men's works, and luxuries, and wild speculations, and eager competitions for gain, the spirit of liberty often languishes; but amidst towering mountains, embosoming peaceful vales; amidst these vast works of God, the soul naturally goes forth, and cannot endure a chain. Your free air, which we came here to inhale for health, breathes into us something better than health, even a freer spirit. Mountains have always been famed for nourishing brave souls and the love of liberty. Men of Berkshire! whose nerves and souls the mountain air has braced, *you* surely will respond to him who speaks of the blessings of freedom, and the misery of bondage. I feel as if the feeble voice which now addresses you, must find an echo amidst these forest-crowned heights. Do they not impart something of their own loftiness to men's souls? Should our commonwealth ever be invaded by victorious armies, freedom's last asylum would be here. Here may a free spirit—may reverence for all human rights—may sympathy for the oppressed—may a stern, solemn purpose to give no sanction to oppression, take stronger and stronger possession of men's minds, and from these mountains, may generous impulses spread far and wide."

The exertion which this good man found it necessary to make, in the delivery of an address which, in a closely printed form, covers thirty-eight pages, was a great drain upon his diminishing vital activity. There can be little doubt that it produced a reaction of weakness, and a consequent access of disease.

"He observed the progress of his sickness," says Dr. Gannett, "with the calmness that was habitual with him in every situation; expressed a sense of the Divine love even beyond what he had before felt; manifested that exquisite tenderness of affection, which gave such beauty

to his private life; spoke earnestly of the truth and worth of Christianity, and its certain prevalence over the errors and sins of the world; and thus meeting death, not as one who is taken by surprise, nor as one unprepared for the change it makes in human condition, but as one in whom the religion of Jesus Christ has built up a consciousness of immortal life, that cannot be shaken by the decay of the body. He sank away from his connection with the earth, as the sun, towards which he turned his closing eyes, was disappearing behind the light which it shed upon the surrounding sky, on the evening of that day which is dearest to the Christian heart,—the day sacred to the remembrance of Him who is 'the resurrection and the life.'"

Dr. Channing's favorite topic of discourse—his constant theme of thought, was *spiritual freedom;* and upon this subject he sought to define his views fully, in a very able discourse, delivered on occasion of the annual election, May 26th, 1830. Let us quote a few brief passages from this forcibly written production:—

"I cannot better" (writes Dr. Channing) "give my views of spiritual freedom, than by saying, that it is moral energy, or force of holy purpose, put forth against the senses, the passions, the world; and thus liberating the intellect, conscience, and will, so that they may act with strength, and unfold themselves forever. The essence of spiritual freedom is power." * * * * "That mind alone is free, which, looking to God as the inspirer and rewarder of virtue, adopts his law written on the heart and in His word, as its supreme rule; and which, in obedience to this, governs itself, reveres itself, exerts faithfully its best powers, and unfolds itself by well-doing, in whatever sphere God's providence assigns." * * * *

"I call that mind free, which sets no bounds to its love—which is

not imprisoned in itself or in a sect—which recognises in all human beings, the image of God and the rights of his children—which delights in virtue, and sympathizes with suffering, wherever they are seen—which conquers pride, and offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of mankind." * * * *

"I call that mind free, which protects itself against the usurpations of society, and does not cower to human opinion—which feels itself accountable to a higher tribunal than man's—which respects a higher law than fashion—which respects itself too much to be the slave or tool of the many or the few." * * * *

"I call that mind free, which, conscious of its affinity with God, and confiding in his promises by Jesus Christ, devotes itself faithfully to the unfolding of all its powers—which passes the bounds of time and death—which hopes to advance forever—and which finds inexhaustible power, both for action and suffering, in the prospect of immortality."

Dr. Channing regarded these views as the essence of civil and religious government; they guided his own life—they were constantly developed in his teachings—and "it is through them," says Dr. Gannett, "that he will probably hereafter hold his place among the great religious teachers of his age, and of posterity."

As Dr. Channing was the friend of freedom, so he was also the friend of *peace;* and, had he lived to the present day, the declaration by our government of war against a neighboring state on our southwestern frontier, would have been to him a cause of unmitigated lamentation. "His interest in the subject of peace, was one of the fruits of his faith in Christianity. War he regarded as hostile to the spirit of our religion; and the false associations which are connected

with the soldier's life and person, he labored to dissipate. None spoke on this subject more plainly or earnestly, and few with more effect."

The public writings of Dr. Channing made him known as well in Great Britain as in America; they directed themselves, by their force and vigor, to the substantial minds of our mother-country, and if they did not always uproot prejudices, they served the cause of humanity, and eloquently pleaded in its behalf. We are proud to feel that he was a countryman of ours, even whilst we admit the force of the remark, that great men are a common property, forming, as has been said, a solar system in the world of mind, and shining equally for the benighted of all nations.

An esteemed and appreciating critic, now numbered with the dead, in a brief article written during the lifetime of this lamented divine and great Christian moralist, expresses himself with remarkable energy and truth as follows:

"Dr. Channing's genius and literature appertain exclusively to no sect or party. His fame belongs to his country; his talents he has given to the world. His reputation is no more the peculiar possession of the liberal Unitarian, than of the orthodox Presbyterian; and belongs equally to the Protestant Episcopalian and the Roman Catholic. It is the property of the whole country, and not of a religious sect or a political party. He has won for himself a glorious and honorable notoriety, which is not limited to the precincts of a parish, nor the confines of a town. His genius has overleaped the boundaries of states; it permeates the Union; has crossed the barrier of the ocean, and finds companionship in the mighty minds of literary Europe.

"He has given strength to our literature, and a moral grandeur to our political institutions. He has taught us that freedom does not

consist in the concessions of an extorted character, nor in the bold avowals of a written declaration of independence. He has enforced, with sturdy eloquence, the necessity of emancipating the mind, and urged upon us the conviction of our individual responsibility. He has compelled us to feel how far we are from perfection, and taught us what we must do to attain it. With regard to his genius and scholarship, he who, blinded by sectarian or party prejudices, cannot discover or will not acknowledge the superiority of his intellect, is neither to be lauded for his tolerance, nor envied for the clearness of his perceptions."

In the death of a man of such a mind, and such elevated ideas of Christian duty, society felt that it would be no easy matter to supply the void; and the pilgrim to Mount Auburn, at this day, feels many a regret, as his recollections cluster around the sepulchral urn of the devout and benevolent philanthropist.

THE TOMB OF STORY;

FOREST POND.

"All around us there breathes a solemn calm, as if we were in the bosom of a wilderness, broken only by the breeze as it murmurs through the tops of the forest, or by the notes of the warbler, pouring forth his matin or his evening song. Nature seems to point it out with significant energy, as the favorite retirement for the dead."

[*Story's Consecration Address.*

"His voice of eloquence the first
Upon these listening woods to burst,
When consecrating rite and prayer
Arose like incense on the air;
Oft will the future pilgrim's eye
Seek out his marble to descry."

[McLellan.

The holiness of nature is ever a lofty contemplation; and it is well amidst the quiet wildwood and beneath the forest-shades, to be reminded sometimes of death and of the grave, and even in types, emblems, and shadows, to be made to think seriously of the frailty of life, and to rejoice in the possibility of the attainment of that glorious existence, for which this world is but a state of preparation. We can stand upon the wide Necropolis of Mount Auburn, and seem to look through death's open portals to the bright mansions of "the better

land"—to "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" and, as we do so, we may build up in memory three tabernacles: in the words of the devout Herbert,—

> "The first tabernacle to HOPE we do build,
> And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
> The second to FAITH, which insures it fulfill'd;
> And the third to the LAMB of the great SACRIFICE,
> Who bequeath'd us them both when He rose from the skies."

"When we have before us," says a truthful writer, "the monumental tributes raised by their country above the honored dead—when we see the reward bestowed on worth, talent, and virtue, even when life is over, the spectacle is well fitted to excite in us a noble emulation." Every way, therefore, do these adornments of the grave appear to be commendable as well as useful; and we may not vainly hope to earn a fate for ourselves, like that which has met the strivings of noble, Christian genius. Rural burial-places are depositories worthy an advanced Christianity; and, as there can be nothing about them to minister to low gratifications, but *everything* to exalt and purify the mind, they are undoubtedly as favorable to morals as to the indulgence of refined taste.

Mount Auburn contains no head that has worn the monarch's diadem, but it is nevertheless a sepulchre of royal dead. A succession of intellectual sovereigns lie buried there,—men to whose renown neither granite or marble can add applause,—men whose names alone shall be their monument. "The whole earth," said Edward Everett, "is the monument of illustrious men;" and the enduring obelisk or sarcophagus thus becomes but the appropriate "guide for the grateful student and the respectful stranger, to the precincts of that spot, where all that is mortal rests of some of the world's benefactors." Are not

the names of Story, Channing, and Bowditch, more illustrious than those of many of the throned monarchs of the old world? Not the most towering obelisk that man's hands could build, would do honor to the name of STORY. By his life and works, the great jurist built his own monument whilst living; and his fame will endure forever, when "cloud-capped tower and gorgeous palace" shall have crumbled to the dust. BOWDITCH'S own self-erected monument has "reached the stars;" and the name of CHANNING will be as enduring as the love of freedom—as far-spreading and glorious as the pure light of Christianity.

In a retired part of Mount Auburn, near Forest Pond, is the last resting-place of JOSEPH STORY, one of the greatest men of our country. It is marked by a simple, unpretending pyramid, which tells its own melancholy tale. The inscription reminds us of the words of the poet,—

> "Lord, here am I, and those whom thou hast given me!
> Help me, who feel thy rod, ne'er to complain
> Of Him who hath appointed it! O lead
> Me, and these little ones of mine, to thee."

The record to which we here allude, gives the names of five children of Judge Story, who "fell asleep" in youth; and the pious parent inscribes their names upon the monument, with the simple and scriptural words, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Last of all, the grave opened for the illustrious father; and we are compelled, by our own sense of the beauty of his character, to cast our minds towards the morning of the resurrection, and to see the reverend man before the throne of Grace, with the words upon his lips, "Lord, here am I, and the children whom thou hast given me."

How feeble seems the pen to do justice to the character and mind of one like Joseph Story! The late Miss Landon, writing of a great English author, has said: "I almost fear to praise such a man; but comfort myself with thinking, that though few can raise the carved marble over a great man's remains, *all may throw a flower upon his grave*." Many a flower has been thrown upon the grave of Story; and the heart has felt a sorrowing consolation in paying that office of affection to one who, in his performance of all the offices of life, both public and private, made the earth seem beautiful. "The lips, on which the bees of Hybla might have rested, have ceased to distil the honeyed sweets of kindness. The body, warm with all the affections of life—with love for family and friends, for truth and virtue—has mouldered to dust. But let us listen to the words which, though dead, he utters from the grave: 'Sorrow not as those without hope.' The righteous judge, the wise teacher, the faithful friend, the loving father, has ascended to his Judge, his Teacher, his Friend, his Father in heaven."

Judge Story was born September 18, 1779, at Marblehead, in Massachusetts. He entered Harvard College at the age of sixteen, and was admitted to the bar in 1801, having studied law with Justice Sewall of Marblehead, and Justice Putnam of Salem. At the early age of thirty-two, he was appointed associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States—an office which he occupied with honor till his death. He was elected to the Dane professorship of law in Harvard College in 1829. He filled some of the most important situations in the gift of corporations or individuals; whilst not only his own state and country, but distant lands, acknowledged the supremacy of his intellectual greatness.

If the remark be generally correct, that "there never was a great man who had not a great mother," it *certainly* may be *particularly* proved in the case of Justice Story. His mother is said to have been a lady of indomitable energy of character, and of active mind; and from her the gifted son received many noble incentives towards high culture and philanthropic purpose. He entered political life at a time of great excitement; but he could not enjoy the strife which it engendered and sustained. He had too honest and faithful a character, to relish being the organ of a party either at home or in Congress; he felt that engaging in politics prevented complete success at the bar; and, being appointed one of the judges of the Supreme Court, he withdrew at once from the political arena; "and," says Prof. Greenleaf, "though never an indifferent spectator of his country's fortunes, he ever afterwards participated in them, not as a partisan, but as a judge."

As a writer on points of law, Judge Story never has had, perhaps never *will* have his parallel. "His written judgments on his own circuit," says Mr. Sumner, in an exceedingly beautiful tribute to his memory, "together with his various commentaries, occupy *twenty-seven* volumes; while his judgments in the Supreme Court of the United States, form an important part of no less than *thirty-four* volumes more." He was a master logician in the law; his reasoning was as clear as the day; and his treatises copious, without prolixity. As a legal writer, he was as much the wonder of England as the admiration of America; his fame spread rapidly over the sea; and, that we find his works quoted in other tongues than our own, is one of the proudest evidences of his profound and comprehensive mind.

"In the high court of parliament," said Daniel Webster at a meet-

ing of the bar, called upon the occasion of Judge Story's death; "in every court in Westminster Hall; in every distinguished judicature in Europe; in the courts of Paris, of Berlin, of Stockholm, and of St. Petersburg; in the universities of Germany, Italy, and Spain, his authority was received; and all, when they hear of his death, will agree that a great luminary has fallen."

But let us pass, for a moment, from his career as a man of law and letters, to his social life. Here he was indeed the diffusive sun of a wide circle; his love of humanity made him urbane to all; his general knowledge was no selfish acquisition, to be communicated to a few, or to be used as special occasion demanded. To all he was equally affable, and particularly to the inquiring mind. His manner of conversation was simple and easy—but his auditors felt that when he spoke, his mouth, like that of the good fairy, indeed "dropped pearls;" he possessed a peculiarly catholic spirit of peace and good-will towards men. "We have seen and known him," said Mr. Webster on the occasion before referred to, "in private life. We can bear witness to his strict uprightness and purity of character; his simplicity and unostentatious habits; the ease and affability of his intercourse; his great vivacity amid the severest labors, and his fidelity to his friends; and we can testify, also, to his large and systematic charities, not dispensed in a public manner, but gladdening the hearts of those whom he assisted in private, and distilling like the dew of heaven."

On the 10th of September, 1845, at the age of 66, died Joseph Story—the accomplished scholar, the profound jurist, the good man! He died in the midst of honors, and in the full exercise of intellectual activity. He met the lot of mortals peacefully, and carried to the grave no ordinary regrets. Europe mourned his loss, whilst America

was clad in sable; and the illustrious jurist made but another among the myriad examples, that

> "Our lives but lasting streams must be,
> That into one ingulfing sea
> Are doom'd to fall:
> O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
> The sea of death, whose waves roll on,
> And swallow all."

He was buried in Mount Auburn—a spot of earth peculiarly beloved by him, and at the consecration of which as a rural cemetery, he delivered a touchingly beautiful and scholar-like address. The trees which he loved, wave their umbrageous branches over the stone erected to the memory of his children, by the side of whom he sleeps; and the light of morning and evening gilds it with a coloring of gold. "So shines the eternal Nature on the wrecks of all that makes life glorious;" and there is not a sun that sets not everywhere over the graves of lamented genius!

CONSECRATION DELL.

"Thou, God, art here: Thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of those trees
In music: Thou art in the cooler breath
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt: the barky trees, the ground,
The fresh, moist earth, are all instinct with Thee.
Here is continual worship; nature here,
In the tranquillity that Thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence."

[Bryant.

The significant name of the deep valley, which is above given, is derived from the fact that it was the spot chosen, at the time of the appropriation of Mount Auburn as a burial-place, for the performance of the service of consecration. The engraving delineates the appearance of the dell on one side—the monument in the foreground denoting very nearly the point upon which the orator stood, and the acclivity opposite, being the position occupied by the crowd of persons who repaired thither to listen to the consecrating address. The seats were arranged on the hillside in such a manner, that it had the appearance of an amphitheatre; and the whole scene presented upon the occasion, is described as having been picturesque and beautiful in the highest degree.

Judge Story, whose recent death has been so widely lamented, and who now lies interred amidst the earth of his favorite place of retirement, addressed the large concourse who had assembled, in a strain of earnest eloquence. His remarks were peculiarly adapted to the interesting circumstances of the occasion; and he spoke with an intensity of feeling which seems to impart itself, even at this day, to the reader of his thoughtful address. After remarking upon the great appropriateness of Mount Auburn as a place of interment, he alluded to the "voice of consolation" which would spring up in the midst of the silence of that region of death, and of the hallowed feelings with which mourners would revisit the shades where the loved and lost repose. "Spring," he said, "will invite thither the footsteps of the young by her opening foliage, and autumn detain the contemplative by its latest bloom. The votary of science will here learn to elevate his genius by the holiest studies. The devout will here offer up the silent tribute of pity, or the prayer of gratitude. The rivalries of the world will here drop from the heart; the spirit of forgiveness will gather new impulses; the restlessness of ambition will be rebuked; vanity will let fall its plumes; and pride, as it sees 'what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue,' will acknowledge the value of virtue as far, immeasurably far beyond that of fame. But that which will ever be present, pervading these shades, like the noonday sun, and shedding cheerfulness around, is the consciousness, the irrepressible consciousness, amidst all these lessons of human mortality, of the higher truth, that we are beings not of time, but of eternity—'that this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality'—that this is but the threshhold and starting-point of an existence, compared with whose duration

the ocean is but as a drop, nay, the whole creation an evanescent quantity."

The address was delivered on the 24th of September, 1831,—the other services of the occasion being performed by the Rev. Dr. Ware and the Rev. Mr. Pierpont. One of the journals of the day gives the following account of the scene which was presented in that deep valley of Mount Auburn, crowded with its assembly of two thousand persons:

"An unclouded sun and an atmosphere purified by the showers of the preceding night, combined to make the day one of the most delightful we ever experience at this season of the year. It is unnecessary for us to say, that the address by Judge Story was pertinent to the occasion—for if the name of the orator were not sufficient, the perfect silence of the multitude, enabling him to be heard with distinctness at the most distant part of the beautiful amphitheatre in which the services were performed, will be sufficient testimony as to its worth and beauty. Neither is it in our power to furnish any adequate description of the effect produced by the music of the thousand voices which joined in the hymn, as it swelled in chastened melody from the bottom of the glen, and, like the spirit of devotion, found an echo in every heart, and pervaded the whole scene.

"The natural features of Mount Auburn are incomparable for the purpose to which it is now sacred. There is not, in all the untrodden valleys of the west, a more secluded, more natural or appropriate spot for the religious exercises of the living: we may be allowed to add our doubts, whether the most opulent neighborhood of Europe furnishes a spot so singularly appropriate for a 'garden of graves.'

"In the course of a few years, when the hand of taste shall have

passed over the luxuriance of nature, we may challenge the rivalry of the world to produce another such abiding-place for the spirit of beauty."

The concluding words of the above are fast proving themselves in the many improvements already effected by the "hand of taste;" and Mount Auburn might now make the traveller to exclaim, in the words of Shakspeare,—

"If the ill spirit have so fair a home, good things will strive to dwell with it."

THE BOWDITCH STATUE.

"Bright guide to Commerce! Though, alas! no more
Thy buoyant footsteps mark earth's narrow shore;
Though not for thee heaven's wheeling orbs return;
Though not for thee yon glistening pleiads burn;
Though from this spot no longer looks thine eye,
As once to scan the countless worlds on high;—
In every age, through every sea and clime,
The name of Bowditch triumphs over time."

[J. T. Fields.

"A garland for the noble dead!
A chaplet for the silver head!
The star that tells the mariner
Far over trackless deeps to steer,
Here wanes! Like the sea's mournful surge,
The breeze o'er Bowditch sighs its dirge."

[McLellan.

Erected upon a granite foundation, and facing the main entrance to Mount Auburn, stands the imposing bronze statue of the venerable Dr. Bowditch, than whom few have ever existed, more deserving of the application of the scripture line—"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." Like Enoch of old, he "walked with God" in humility and virtue; he felt the radiance of a path enlightened by the Deity, and it led him successfully on towards the realms of immortality. This remark may well be made of one of whom one of his biographers has said, that at the

age of twenty-one, "he exhibited all those beautiful and harmonious elements, which he ever afterwards retained. That deep religious principle which sustained and cheered him in the last hours of his life, had guided his boyhood, and was the familiar and inseparable companion of his mature years; and already were displayed those various social and personal virtues, which were to render him a moral exemplar to the community in which he lived."

"I have known Dr. Bowditch," said one of his seafaring companions, "intimately for more than fifty years, and *I know no faults.* This may seem strange; for most of your great men, when you look at them closely, have something to bring them down,—but he had nothing. I suppose all Europe would not have tempted him to swerve a hair's breadth from what he thought right."

These tributes to moral excellence are dearer to a man's children, and more worthy of estimation by the world, than the greatest scholastic attainments; the human heart should lean towards goodness and virtue, rather than to fame—for "time may efface a name engraven on marble; but to do so, it must corrode the material: it is the same with the heart; our strong impressions may be erased; but before they can be so, the heart itself must be impaired."

Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch was born in Salem, Massachusetts, March 26th, 1773, being a descendant of a respectable ancestry, who were shipmasters and mechanics; and, like many eminent men of past and present time, he could trace his progress in virtue and high attainments, to the influence of his mother, a strong-minded and exemplary woman, who exercised a most salutary effect upon the mind of her son, in the development of his fine traits of character and remarkable talents.

The early youth of Dr. Bowditch was one of struggle and self-denial. Having received some slight elementary instruction, he was taken (at the age of ten years) to labor in his father's shop as a cooper, and was afterwards transferred to a ship-chandlery establishment. In 1795, at the age of twenty-two, he sailed on his first voyage; and was thus put in the way of becoming what he was in after years—a practical navigator, and a profound mathematician. He was extremely fond of books, and spared no pains to avail himself of every means of acquiring information, whether relating to philosophy or science. When not able to purchase such books as he desired, he would take the trouble of transcribing their contents with the pen; and in this way he wrote off mathematical and other papers of interest, to the extent of *twenty folio and quarto common-place books and other volumes.* These have now become the most valuable relics in the library of the venerable departed; and they serve as examples of industry and courage to his gifted children. And here we are reminded of the words of an able writer, who says that "*patience* is necessary in all things, and is, perhaps, one of the most useful and estimable qualities of life. It enables us to bear, without shrinking, the bitterest evils that can assail us; whilst without patience, philosophy would never have made those wonderful discoveries that subjugate nature to our yoke."

It is related of Dr. Bowditch, that between the years 1795 and 1804, he made five voyages, beginning the first voyage in the capacity of clerk, and in the last, attaining the rank both of master and supercargo. During his voyages he perfected a knowledge of many of the modern languages, and made those rapid advances in mathematical calculations, which afterwards so peculiarly distinguished him.

"On the 28th of May, 1799," says his son, in a preface to Dr. Bowditch's translation of the "Mécanique Céleste," "he was chosen a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Some of the most valuable and interesting papers in its Transactions, were the subsequent contributions of his pen; and the presidency of the society, to which he was elected in May, 1829, in the place of John Quincy Adams, is one of the highest honors which science offers to her votaries on this side of the Atlantic."

One of the greatest works of the life and energy of Dr. Bowditch, was the preparation of "*The New American Practical Navigator*"—a work used by every shipmaster sailing from our shores, and adopted, in portions, into English works, to the same valuable end.

In 1823, Dr. Bowditch removed from Salem to Boston, having been for many years President of the Essex Fire and Marine Company, where his admirable management gained for the institution a very large surplus of profits. His various scientific papers had now amounted to a valuable accumulation. His astronomical calculations were of the greatest nicety, and his demonstrations had served to correct many inaccuracies in other writers. But the most important work of Dr. Bowditch's life, was his translation of the "Mécanique Céleste" of La Place—a work which is confessed to be more complete than the original; since the indefatigable translator, not content with an adherence to the text, had superadded all the more important modern calculations, making it to embrace a complete history of the state of the science at the time of its publication. A higher tribute to the great value of a work could not be given, than the letters received by Dr. Bowditch from the most eminent scientific men of Europe, all attesting to the perfection and importance of his labors

Probably few men living had refused so many honors of place and station, as Dr. Bowditch. Ardently attached to his native town of Salem, and being certainly one of its greatest benefactors, he declined an appointment as Professor of Mathematics in Harvard University, as well as a similar one in the University of Virginia, and in the Academy at West Point. Offices in Boston were also offered him; but he could not be brought from his favorite residence until the absolute importance of his acceptance of the charge of the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, seemed to win him from his favorite home. He had at first declined this appointment; but the urgent necessity of the case baffled his attachment to Salem, and he felt it his duty to yield to the good of others. A public festival was given in his honor when he left Salem for the adjacent city, and upon occasion of which, the most touching expressions of love and esteem were bestowed upon him. Amongst others, it was said that, as "he was the first of his countrymen in the walks of science, so he was second to no man on earth for purity and honor." It was declared, also, at the same time, that "as the monarchy of France had done honor to her La Place, so would the republic of America not be ungrateful to her *Bowditch*."

Dr. Bowditch was a person of rare insight into character, and singular magnanimity of disposition, as various anecdotes connected with his official career attest; whilst his great precision in business matters, made him a model of honorable imitation. The Rev. Mr. Young, in his eulogy, has said of Dr. Bowditch, that "the world has been the happier and wiser that he has lived in it;" and the youth of our land should proudly take him for an example. How much of Dr. Bowditch's excellence of character and kindly regard for others, proceeded

from his constant realization that he was an "accountable agent," and must one day be called to "give an account of his stewardship," we do not pretend to say; but it is evident that Faith was the guiding-star of his life, and "brotherly love" one of the best attributes of his being.

Dr. Bowditch died on the 16th of March, 1838. One of the happiest and most beautiful tributes to his memory, is recorded in the resolutions adopted by the Marine Society of Salem, upon the sad occasion of his decease. We extract the passage, as follows:

"When the voice of eulogy shall be still; when the tear of sorrow shall cease to flow, no monument shall be needed to keep alive his memory among men;—but as long as ships shall sail, the needle point to the north, and the stars go through their wonted courses in the heavens, the name of Dr. Bowditch will be revered as of one who helped his fellow-men in a time of need; who was and is a guide to them over the pathless ocean; and of one who forwarded the great interests of mankind."

The monument which has been recently placed in Mount Auburn, is the first bronze statue of any magnitude executed in our country, and is the work of Ball Hughes, an English artist some time resident in the United States. The design is good, and the likeness admirable; whilst the whole figure is expressive of dignity, benevolence, and superior thought. The drapery is well arranged, and the sentiment of the figure in perfect keeping with the character of the man. It is an enduring memorial of one, who, though he needed no monument to perpetuate his memory, deserved from his fellow-citizens a proud and honorable tribute.

The statue has been erected by subscription, and placed in a con-

spicuous position amidst the woody foliage of Mount Auburn. In the language of Mrs. Sigourney,

> "Then let this haunt be sacred. For the feet
> Of strangers, here, in future days shall turn,
> As to some Mecca of philosophy;
> And here the admiring youth shall come to seek
> Some relic of the great and good—whose fame
> Shall gather greenness from the hand of Time"

VIEW FROM MOUNT AUBURN.

"And here, upon this self-same spot, ere yet
The chilling forms of cold indifference,
And fears of dark distrust, had worn my heart,
And dimm'd the brightness of my youthful thoughts—
I've laid me down, and mused for long, long hours,
Till I had fill'd the scene with images
And airy thoughts, that seem'd to live and breathe
Amid the waving plants and flowers that bloom'd
On every side."

[Anonymous.

The highest eminence of the cemetery ground is denominated *Mount* Auburn; and from this elevation the view has been drawn which appears in the present work. In the summer season, when the thick trees have put on their full array, and appear in all their beauty, the panorama is nearly lost to the view of the spectator; but in the autumn of the year, a scene is presented from this high land, which is worthy of the poet or the painter. Passing from the main avenue of the cemetery, a circuitous road leads the visiter to the summit of Mount Auburn, from which, in perspective, rise the numerous spires of the near city of Boston. Still nearer, and more visible, are the walls of that fostering mother of learning and science, the venerable Harvard. The quiet dwellings of Cambridge lie scattered over the foreground, while Charles River, winding through the valley beneath, rolls its accumulated waters to the ocean.

It is a favorable position from which to gaze downwards upon the formation of the ground; upon the varied undulations of the hills and dales, the tranquil lakes, and the deep shadows of the groves. We look down upon a place of welcome rest for the world-weary, and the very stillness of the spot acquires a peculiar solemnity. The whisper of the pines is heard around it; and a sweet melody, peaceful and holy, comes upon the awakened soul, and appeals to other than the mere sense of sound. It seems as if it were, indeed,

> —— "the very voice of the Lord God,
> That Adam heard walking among the trees
> Of his own garden, in the cool of day."

The picturesque chapel of the cemetery, seen beyond, and the tall spires of the distant churches, arouse the spirit of devotion. Beautiful repose is the prevailing feature of the landscape. The traveller who visits Mount Auburn should not cease his wanderings over the grounds until he has ascended this height, and marked each varied feature in his mind's tablet. We may well gain a lesson from nature amid such scenes of tranquil beauty, and learn to conform our lives to the order of her works, in view both of the present and the future.

THE CONCLUSION.

"What is life? A little journey,
Ending ere 'tis well begun;
'Tis a gay, disastrous tourney,
Where a mingled tilt is run:
And the head that wears a crown
'Neath the meanest lance goes down.
Walk, then, on life's pathway, mortal!
With a pure and steadfast heart;
So that, through death's frowning portal,
Peacefully thou mayst depart."

In the comments made in the foregoing pages upon some of the more gifted individuals, whose bodies lie interred in Mount Auburn, we feel that we have spoken of those whose genius has not rested upon dubious testimony. We have spoken of Story, Channing, Bowditch, and other cotemporary minds, whose vigorous intellectual energies have gained for them an enduring name. As Hartley Coleridge said of the immortal Newton, "his body is in the grave; his soul is with his Father above; but his mind is with us still"—so it is with some of the monarchs of the mind, who have returned to their kindred dust amidst these venerable shades; and "hence it is we perceive the superiority of intellect to all other gifts of earth, and its rightful subordination to the grace which is of heaven. All but the mind either perishes in time, or vanishes out of time into eternity. Mind alone lives on with time, and keeps pace with the march of ages."

But there are others whose remains lie within the precincts of Mount Auburn, with whose fame the reader is familiar, though in regard to whom, the necessary curtailment of these pages will not permit us space to render justice. We might speak of Buckminster, who perished in his prime, full of all faculties and all studies, and who has eloquently been called, by one of his professional brethren, "a youthful marvel—the hope of the church, the oracle of divinity;" or of one who lived to "a good old age," and died full of years and knowledge —the late venerable John Davis—an upright judge and a wise counsellor, of whom it has been said, in a eulogy replete with glowing truth, that he "merited the title of a Christian philosopher. Over his old age philosophy and religion shed their mingled light, and poured their soft glories around his head:"—Of Amos Binney, who died recently in a foreign land, and whose remains have been buried in Mount Auburn, by the side of the parents whom he loved. For him the wonders of nature had a deep and abiding interest, and in him the natural sciences possessed a devoted friend. He was taken away in the midst of life, and youth, and love, when the pursuit of wisdom was his fascination; when the world was sweet, and the "journey had been too short for the limbs to grow weary." He breathed his last in a strange land—the fair clime of Italy; but if his latest prayer was like that of the aged patriarch, "bury me not in Egypt; but I will lie with my fathers; thou shalt carry me out of Egypt, and bury me in their burying-place," his wish has been fully gratified. A classic monument, designed and executed by that distinguished artist, Crawford, will shortly be placed over his grave, and the hand of affection will then have paid the last tribute to the memory of a scholar and a good man.

We might speak also of Henry Oxnard, an enterprising sea-

captain, who relinquished his early pursuits, in which he had gained an honorable name, for mercantile life and a permanent home in Boston. With the acquisition of wealth, came the opportunities for active benevolence; but with these, finally, physical decay and death. He was a valuable citizen and a kind friend—one to love for his warmth of heart, and to imitate for his honorable enterprise. It is to his memory that the beautiful Gothic monument, of which the engraving in this work gives so faithful a delineation, has been erected.

Military as well as civil history is brought back with our reminiscences of Mount Auburn, as we tread over the graves of General William Hull, of Captain Abraham Hull, or of that long-lived veteran, Captain Josiah Cleaveland, to whose memory the citizens of Boston have recently erected a monumental tablet, and of whose remarkable life the following memorial has been recorded:—

"He was born at Canterbury, Connecticut, December 3, 1753; he died at Charlestown, Massachusetts, June 30, 1843. He was an officer of the army of freedom. He served his country bravely and faithfully through the whole war of the revolution. He fought her battles at Bunker-hill, Harlem Heights, White Plains, Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth, and Yorktown. He sustained an unblemished reputation, and lived in the practice of every Christian virtue. He loved, served, and feared God. In the ninetieth year of his age, he journeyed nearly five hundred miles from his home, to be present at the celebration of the completion of the monument on Bunker-hill. He lived to witness that memorable spectacle; he was satisfied; he laid down quietly and yielded up his breath, near the scene of his first conflict with the enemies of his country. He came among strangers; he died among friends."

In the course of this work, we have two engravings representing monuments to Elijah Loring, Esq., of Boston, and J. H. Gossler, Esq., of Germany,—the former a successful merchant, honorable, upright, and well-esteemed; and the latter an enterprising and respectable young foreigner, who sought his fortune far from his own home, in a land in which he gained many friends, and where his memory is yet honored with many happy recollections. The forest scenery around these picturesque spots of sepulture is peculiarly beautiful, and the memorials themselves evince taste in design, and skill in execution.

But space fails us to continue even these brief obituaries, and, indeed, for the mention of many others among the gifted and beautiful of the earth, male and female, over whom the angel Azrael waved his wings, and "wooed them out of being," whilst in the apparent exercise of health and strength.

In the previous remarks in relation to Mount Auburn, and some of the most illustrious of its buried dead, we have been obliged to omit many sketches of individual character, which might have been both interesting and instructive. Several of the most enticing spots, marked, too, by monuments of beauty, are owned by those who are yet amongst us, buoyant with life and energy, and of whom to speak here in lengthened tribute, how much soever they might deserve our eulogy, would be inappropriate and premature.

Mount Auburn has become a spot upon which all hearts unite in harmony of purpose, and from which the best aspirations of the soul arise like clouds of incense towards heaven. It is adorned by nature, and has been improved by art. It has become a sanctified sepulchre, worthy of Christianity, and of a refined and intellectual people. In the language of the lamented Story, here, then, "let us ereet the me-

morials of our love, our gratitude, and our glory. Here let the brave repose, who have died in the cause of their country. Here let the statesman rest, who has achieved the victories of peace, not less renowned than war. Here let genius find a home, that has sung immortal strains, or has instructed with still diviner eloquence. Here let learning and science, the votaries of inventive art, and the teacher of the philosophy of nature, come. Here let youth and beauty, blighted by premature decay, drop, like tender blossoms, into the virgin earth; and here let age retire, ripened for the harvest. Above all, here let the benefactors of mankind, the good, the merciful, the meek, the pure in heart, be congregated; for to them belongs an undying praise. And let us take comfort, nay, let us rejoice, that in future ages, long after we are gathered to the generations of other days, thousands of kindling hearts will here repeat the sublime declarations, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.'"

Extending the possible advantages of such places of sepulture yet farther, we may be permitted to quote an English writer—the editor of "Chambers' Journal"—who, in a description of the celebrated Necropolis at Glasgow, asks, "Can we but wonder that cemeteries of this kind should be rare, when we think in what a different position we are placed by them, with respect to departed friends? As funeral matters are usually ordered, we seem to part forever from those we have loved and lost. We consign them to the cold, dark, and untended ground; the place of their rest is locked up from our sight, or trodden only by strangers; and ere long, the lank grass, the nettle, and the rank weed, choke up their unvisited graves. How different is it with such cemeteries as Père la Chaise! When we lay down a loved one

there, we can still hold sweet communion with him. We can show our affection by planting the loveliest flowers of summer above his head, and please ourselves with the belief that the tribute is not unbeheld nor unappreciated. We can pull a flower from the place of his repose, and carry it about with us, gratified with the thought, that if we cannot have our friend again, we have something, at least, that has sprung up from his dust. The place of death is no longer, in our eyes, a place of gloom, desertion, and sorrow, at the bare idea of which we shudder with horror and dismay. It is an agreeable resting-spot, to which we retire at the close of life, still to be visited, and gazed on, and cared for, by those we hold dear. Such is the change in our feelings on this subject, which these beautiful cemeteries are calculated to effect; and assuredly it is a change adapted neither to make us worse men nor less happy"

"Plant not the cypress, nor yet the yew,
Too heavy their shadow, too gloomy their hue,
For one who is sleeping in faith and love,
With a hope that is treasured in heaven above;
In a holy trust are my ashes laid—
Cast ye no darkness, throw ye no shade.

"Plant the green sod with the crimson rose;
Let my friends rejoice o'er my calm repose;
Let my memory be like the odors shed,
My hope like the promise of early red;
Let strangers share in their breath and bloom—
Plant ye bright roses over my tomb!"

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